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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

APRIL, 1954

THE WORLD OUTLOOK: BERLIN TO GENEVA

THE Berlin Conference, associating the three Western Powers and Soviet Russia, took place in February. It dealt exclusively with the problems of Germany and Austria, in other words with the cold war in Europe, and achieved virtually nothing. A much larger conference, dealing primarily with Asia—Korea, where there is at present a lull in a hot war, and Indo-China, where a hot war is still in full blast—is to be held in Geneva late in April. Its prospects of effecting anything are problematic, but it must not be written off as a failure till it has failed.

To say that the Berlin Conference achieved nothing perhaps goes a little too far, for the fact of securing unanimous agreement on the summoning of the Geneva Conference is something of an achievement in itself. Indeed, rather paradoxically, it is claimed in some quarters, notably by British Foreign Office officials who were there, that the conference was not a failure at all. The grounds on which that judgment is based are worth examining. First of all the conference, it is said, "cleared the air". That almost meaningless cliché is familiar enough as a synonym for failure. But this time there really was something in it. At Berlin the Ministers of the four Powers were meeting for the first time since the substitution of Malenkov for Stalin at the Kremlin. What did that change portend? In several minor matters (the release of the imprisoned doctors, for example) the hard steel was undoubtedly a little less hard than before. Was there any more to it than that? Some people thought there was. Sir Winston Churchill did. The Berlin Conference supplied the answer, and an uncompromising answer it was. In matters of importance not an inch was yielded. Mr. Molotov's "No" came as regularly and automatically as in the legendary story which described him as talking from the Kremlin to Mr. Bevin in London, with Stalin standing at his Foreign Minister's side. "No, no, no," came the mechanical replies to Whitehall. Then, "No, no, yes, no, no, no", and so on. "Why did you say Yes?" asked Stalin indignantly. "He was asking whether I could hear him all right".

Yet in spite of all this, in spite particularly of the despair into which the Western Ministers were plunged when they offered to make a treaty with Austria in the very terms M. Molotov had demanded, and M. Molotov cynically said "No" even to this, a conviction prevailed at the end of the conference, and prevails still, that the discussions had resulted in a certain relaxation of international tension. There were reasons for that. For one thing the Sessions has been tolerably businesslike and tolerably brief. M. Molotov had given no ground except on certain minor points, but he had observed the amenities of debate, and permitted himself none of the outbursts of fanatical vituperation to which M. Vyshinsky was accustomed

to treat the United Nations Assembly. That is the more notable, in that M. Molotov has failed in every positive purpose he came to Berlin to achieve. His tactics were patent and undisguised. He wanted the East German Government called to the conference table, together necessarily with the West German; Dr. Adenauer spiked that gun in advance by declaring that the West German Government had neither the desire nor the intention to attend. But the Soviet Foreign Minister's prime objectives were to drive a wedge between the Western Allies, particularly between France and America, and to get the project of a European Defence Army killed. In both endeavours he not only failed but saw his efforts in some sense recoil on himself, for at the end of the conference Britain, France and the United States stood more firmly together than ever, and no supporter of the E.D.C. project showed the smallest sign of being shaken. If the credit for that is to go to one Foreign Minister more than another, M. Bidault is the man. It would be true to say that each of the Foreign Ministers was above his usual form—with the qualification that Mr. Eden's high standard is so consistent that there is little room for variation from it. But at Berlin M. Bidault rose above himself. To M. Molotov's blandishments he was totally impervious. M. Molotov's sophistries he met with arguments that left them shattered. M. Molotov's suggestion, advanced of course for the benefit of French Communists, that France was an American stooge he simply ignored. And he went back to Paris to use all the influence he could command, as a man and a Minister, to secure the early ratification of the E.D.C. treaties by the National Assembly. As a whole the Berlin Conference might have been a failure, but for the three Western Foreign Ministers the fortnight at the conference table was very well worth while.

For M. Molotov, as has been said, it was by no means that, except in so far as he was able to frustrate all his Western colleagues' endeavours; and that is no very notable achievement in a conclave in which nothing can be settled without unanimity. His own proposals for the relaxation of European tension were so disingenuous that he can hardly have believed that they possessed even propaganda value. To the Western plan of free elections for a Constituent Assembly which would frame a constitution for all Germany he opposed the old idea of a joint council of East and West Germany (thus securing recognition for Eastern Germany) to organise free elections; he proposed the withdrawal of all occupation troops in Germany, which would mean that the only formidable armed force remaining would be the so-called police force in Eastern Germany, trained, organised and equipped on military lines. And he included a provision which would debar Germany from joining E.D.C. or any similar organisation. The Molotov project contained neither anything practical nor anything new. The Western Ministers listened as the document was read, and there the thing ended.

Here, as this is being written, the world stands, with the Berlin Conference behind and the Geneva Conference before. There is an armistice, but no peace, in Korea; unrelaxed conflict in Indo-China; an improved but still menacing situation in Malaya. It would be idle to pretend that high hopes lie ahead, but some possibilities do. The Geneva Conference will open with the slight advantage that both sides, if we are to speak of

sides, have made some concessions in advance. They concern the position of China. The United States has been averse to any contacts at all with Mao Tse-tung regime. M. Molotov, on the other hand, looked to Communist China's participation in the Geneva Conference as a Great Power, on the same footing as France, Britain, the United States and Russia. If he and Mr. Dulles had refused to yield an inch there would have been no Geneva Conference at all. As it was, each yielded several inches. As a result Communist China is to come to Geneva with no special status, and America is to sit unprotesting at the same table with her, but with the clear understanding that the presence of no individual State at Geneva confers diplomatic recognition on it.

This is enough to substantiate the claim that there are unquestionably possibilities ahead. They might indeed in certain circumstances be great possibilities. That depends on various uncertain factors, chief of them the real attitude and aims of China, and the extent to which they are identical with and influenced by those of Russia. All the assumptions have been that the two countries are closely linked and speak with one voice. But assumptions are sometimes mistaken. China will certainly find no antagonism to her emanating from Britain, and some rather vague indications suggest that America may be more accommodating than at one time seemed likely. In those circumstances China may prefer to speak for herself and take her own line at the first international conference of any importance that she has yet attended.

But there is still time for certain developments of importance before April 25th, when the Geneva Conference is due to open, chief of them the ratification of the E.D.C. instruments by France. The connection between one of the two Asian conflicts and the major European problem, failure to reach final agreement between Germany and France, is direct. France's fear of Germany, and particularly of German rearment, is due primarily to consciousness of her own military weakness. And her own military weakness derives immediately from the fearful drain on her resources year after year in Indo-China. Thirty-three per cent. of her officers are fighting there, and the casualty rate is such as to necessitate constant and extensive replacements. Get Indo-China settled, on such a basis that France could safely withdraw a large proportion of her troops, and the increased strength of her forces in France would rapidly dispel all genuine fears of German rearment. There ought, for that matter, to be no such genuine fears anywhere, for it must be plain to anyone who even begins to understand the European situation (a) that Germany cannot be left unarmed for Russia to re-occupy when she chooses; (b) that it would be fantastic for Allied forces to have to defend Germany while Germany herself sat back and left everything to them; (c) that the European Army cannot dispense with the support of twelve German divisions, or whatever the number may finally be; (d) that the only way to avoid the creation of a German National Army on the old lines is to integrate German units, regiments or some other, in the European Army under a supreme commander who in any visible future would be a non-German, and in such a way that the German contingents could never coalesce as a single force. No man has stood firmer for this solution than the German Chancellor. Sir Winston Churchill recently described Dr. Adenauer as the greatest man Germany

had produced since Bismarck, and it would not be going much too far to rate him as the greatest statesman in the world today.

But the word lies with France. M. Laniel's Government is engaged in a double task, in neither part of which can it do more than hope for success. If the French Prime Minister could bring simultaneously to fruition the negotiations with Viet-Nam, pointing to that country's complete independence (as the Viet-Namites insist), or independence within the French Union (as the French stipulate) and the negotiations with Germany over the status of the Saar, which the French are bent on concluding before the ratification of the E.D.C. treaties is touched, he will have done a great piece of work for France, for Europe and for Asia. But it will take all the practical persuasion Britain and America can exert to secure results so encouraging. The steps Britain is to take to associate herself more closely with E.D.C. without actually becoming a member of it have not been disclosed, but it is known that a definite plan has been prepared. And the report that America is prepared to make it worth China's while to desist from supplying military equipment to Ho Chih-min imports another element of some interest into the situation. It is still, moreover, quite uncertain how far the inspiring motive behind the Viet Minh troops is nationalism and how far Communism. It has been said that considerable sections of them are non-Communist and dislike the Chinese extremely. These sections, if ever a Franco-Viet-Nam treaty were carried through, would have little left to fight about.

To speculate on what, in the happiest circumstances, might happen must not be confused with predicting foolishly that it will happen. The Geneva Conference will be a very different affair from its predecessor at Berlin. For one thing it will be much larger; probably some twenty nations will participate. M. Molotov, moreover, will no longer be playing a lone hand. He will have China and North Korea and Viet-Minh at any rate with him. That might not matter greatly, for in any case nothing practical could be achieved without unanimity, but it could have a considerable psychological effect. The crucial question at Geneva will be whether and how far, China shows her hand. On that a great deal may depend. In any case it is clear that the Geneva Conference, whatever comes out of it, will be of more than ordinary moment, and a good deal more than ordinary interest.

WILSON HARRIS.

IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT

IT IS far from easy to give an exact picture of Egypt as she is today, for the place is full of apparently contradicting trends, the positive and the negative, the friendly and the ferocious, the mature and the elementary jostle each other at every step. It is indeed a melting pot of aspiration and frustration, of feelings and facts. What substance will form in this crucible is of paramount importance to Europe in general and to England in particular, and it will depend on what kind of catalyst will finally fuse the many trends and characteristics bubbling together in the Egyptian crucible. President Neguib is evidently doing his best to instill unity,

discipline and an honourable quality of life into all types of Egyptians. From foreigners here in Egypt, (including English), as well as from people of the land, one hears nothing but admiration for his personal standards of honesty and sincerity, and for his unmitigated toil to root out the evils of dishonesty and corruption and to deal fundamentally with disease and poverty. Whatever is felt about his lieutenants one thing seems as true for them as it is for him: none of them have reaped any material advantages for themselves or their relations from their positions of authority. Those who know of Egyptian rulers in the past will realise how new this is. The mind can go back in history via the family of Mohamed Ali, the Turkish governors, the Mameluke Sultans, independent dynasties such as the Ayubites and Fatimites, the Abbaside governors from Bagdad, the Romans, the Ptolemies, Alexander the Great and the Persians, right back to the Pharaohs themselves, a mental journey of some 5,000 years, and still search for rulers of honesty and personal humility. General Neguib's family, some of them known to me personally, continue their normal, plain way of life unaffected by the turn of events. The super model car, the extra salute, the liveried chauffeur, so well known to blossom overnight among the relations of someone newly in power, do not exist this time. This example lays a sound foundation.

Another surprise is the undoubtedly reservoir of goodwill towards English people as individuals. Here again, however, the paradox comes in. Something called "British policy," epitomised by the army in the Canal zone, is widely and deeply hated, but the British people other than the army are at present met by much genuine friendliness and kindness from Egyptians of all sorts. That has been my invariable experience in this stay of a few months during which I have mixed and talked freely with a wide range of Egyptian men, women and children. Perhaps it is only fair to say that I start with great advantages, a knowledge of the spoken tongue, most of my childhood and youth spent in Egypt, a love of the place and people, and a wholly unofficial position. So my contacts and conversations with the man in the street are on an ordinary every day level, about selling and buying, about a sick animal or a happy child, a road being mended, a passing funeral, or simply where the bus starts. Beginning thus about natural things, the philosophy and thoughts interlaced in these talks are also unaffected and spontaneous. A chat with a policeman, for instance, starting from some small enquiry, led him to say how much he hoped an agreement would be reached, because our two people ought to be and wanted to be friends. Directing a taxi-driver to a destination is always a fruitful form of talk because so many of the streets are named after the ex-Royal Family. Some are still known by the King or Queen's name but very pointedly without their titles. "All kings are bad", commented one young driver as we sped along. He shouted backwards through the window narrowly missing other vehicles and pedestrians by a last second skilful turn of the wheel. To this remark I replied that there did happen to be a certain Queen whom we particularly loved and admired. "You mean Elizabeth," he said, "Oh well, she's different. She doesn't do everything herself. She does not bring in new governments and then turn them out again at will. Churchill, Attlee and the others do that for her"!

When walking in Cairo or travelling by bus I am meeting quite a high degree of politeness among young Egyptians. In a crowded bus recently a young artisan offered me his seat, not because I had failed to get one but because he thought his was better. This he did in a quiet, gentlemanly way. The older peasant traveller is as friendly as he always has been and as ready for a joke of his or of your making at which he laughs uproariously, however thin the alloy of humour it may contain. Conversations with educated, administrative Egyptians are naturally on a different level. Here again I start with the advantage of friendship and mutual confidence. They speak openly and willingly about their desire to put their house in order, and this desire is obviously genuine. I call to mind a young school teacher, herself a wife and mother, who owns a school of thirty to forty young Egyptians under ten years old, and is also the headmistress. Her keenness to make it a medium of character-building as well as of instruction is very striking. She goes further in her aim—to use her own words, "I hope to make this a place to the glory of God." The idea of practical team-work is one she particularly stresses. The children help to clean their own class-rooms and to arrange the flowers for instance, which for this type of child is a new idea. Most of them are from middle class families, but there is one little boy, whose father is a working man, used bad language in school. So his teacher brought him to her study and told him quietly and affectionately that he would have to do his work there for a day or two as he was suffering from something like an infectious disease and so could not mix with the other children till he was cured. He understood and shortly was "cured". The father was at first furious, till the teacher visited him and patiently explained her ideas. It was not long before he too acknowledged that they were good. I have known this young woman long enough to realise that she practices what she preaches. She is an Egyptian and a Moslem, and her influence is spreading.

The type of people who take moral and practical responsibility for their underprivileged compatriots makes one feel that given political stability Egypt could eventually experience a renaissance. Much of the old tendency of good works from "haut en bas" seems to have gone. I met one family where the father is a retired government official. They live on the outskirts of Cairo but have a farm in the Delta. This family has two lads or two girls from the poorest peasants near their farm to live with them for two months at a time in their pleasant Cairo house in order to give them direct training in standards of cleanliness, morals and work. And this effort does not arise from an excess of leisure and affluence for these parents have six children of their own to educate and bring up.* To this and other Egyptian homes I was warmly and openly welcomed as an Englishwoman and after each visit was most hospitably pressed to come again. This reservoir of large-heartedness in Egypt makes one ashamed at some of our inhospitable ways when they visit England. Another striking instance of generosity was brought to my notice a week or two ago. An English friend of mine living in Egypt with very small financial resources recently required a doctor and a dentist. Both were Egyptians

*These examples are straws to show which way individual winds are blowing. I am not here attempting to discuss any of the Government schemes of welfare which are both numerous and interesting.

and neither, knowing the situation, would accept payment.

Education still provides a common meeting ground of good will between the two countries. Schools run on English lines with English staff have quantities of Egyptian pupils. A certain girls school of this type has just celebrated its speech-day. The head girl, a young Egyptian of ability, chose as the theme of her speech the need for Equality, Goodwill and Comradeship—the initials of these words happening to be the same as the initials of the name of the school. She delivered her peroration in great style before the assembled parents and in the presence of the Egyptian Governor of the city and the British Ambassador, amid much applause. Then, as these people go back to their homes, they pass along the streets where posters are stuck up showing Egyptians armed to the teeth in desperate conflict with a bloody outstretched hand representing "imperialism". They read their daily papers full of blood and thunder which is also reported in the English language paper, with some of the more flowery bits removed, in a daily review of the Arabic press.

Which of these two Egypts is the real one? At present the only answer is both. While the constructive is as real as the destructive there is hope of the new Egypt laying a firm foundation for regeneration within her borders and team-work with free countries outside. Unfortunately in this ideological age the ferocious, even if it is a superimposed characteristic, can take control through violent action and sweep the good aside to an impotent backwater, unless that good has an equally determined ideological sense. Political comment as such is not the aim of this article, nor is it possible to produce a ready-made answer to the Anglo-Egyptian "impasse" out of a gulla-gulla bag, to use a familiar Egyptian metaphor, but any one who can tap this open-minded, open-hearted goodwill that exists in Egypt should certainly do so. Are there not means at our disposal to build on this characteristic instead of fanning the other? The price of not doing so will be high. One will diminish and the other increase. The well-known Islamic invocation "In the name of God the Compassionate and the Merciful" may hold something of the key, for a deep-rooted belief in the guidance of God is still a spiritual tradition of both our countries, however much it may be overlaid in places by materialism.

A few days after the above was written the news of President Neguib's retirement fell on Egypt's astonished ears in the early hours of the morning. All the public appeared taken by surprise. The ordinary man, (woman and child too), were saddened at first rather than angered. Schoolboys prepared to wear black armbands in mourning for Neguib. But on the following day there were some signs of anger. "Do they believe we are donkeys to swallow such things?" murmured one humble man, in my presence, alluding to the statement by the Revolutionary Command Council on the disagreement. "The people are unhappy," one heard on every hand.

General Neguib's retirement lasted sixty-two hours and his return to office was greeted by profound satisfaction. In some cases beaming servants brought the news to their masters, for servants in Egypt congregate much in cafés where they conduct a regular club life and often hear authoritative news before many other members of the community. Telephones started ringing as people called their friends to express their

mutual pleasure. I was in Alexandria at the time where the rejoicing was plain to see but less frenzied than in Cairo. Ordinary affairs were in no way interrupted. It is interesting to note, in a land used through long centuries to reprisals and force as a sign of strength, how the people have taken Neguib's reconciliation and apparent willingness to forgive as further evidence of his greatness. Time alone will show how the fresh start will work out in the day to day burden of administration and foreign affairs, but there is now no doubt how the President has won the confidence of the rank and file.

Cairo.

MARY ROWLATT.

THE MAGIC OF MOROCCO

FEARS and tears desecrate the calm and suddenly sear the races of the fabulous Sherifian Empire. There is wealth in the earth of El Maghreb el Aksa, the sun is generous, the palms and orange trees blend the vision, under cloudless blue sky, with joyous approval of Nature's kindness. But the well-to-do are uncertain of the morrow, the poor fear a worse type of unknown. The majesty of the snow-clad peaks in the Atlas, a few hours by car from irresistible Marrakech, one of the Empire's four capital cities, bestows regality to humble Jews of aristocratic bearing and entrancing loveliness of spare, bearded, face, as they trot jauntily on fat donkeys to distant home or market. In the haunting valley of Ourika Moroccans, with chiselled features deserving Epstein's attention, walk by proudly to their modest stalls. Often Berber and Arab and Jew alike lacks a pair of shoes, the djelluba was cream a long time ago, and patches are not a crying credit to the mender. But the cordial sun renders poverty here of less violence, and the new display of nature's unaided magnificence at every turn of the perfect roads dulls mental concern for the severity of clash, which is mostly hidden underground, and boils slowly.

The 400,000 French residents, many arrivals since the Protectorate began in 1912, seek to forget the surprising occasional rumblings, for which are blamed the orders of exiled Moroccan Nationalists, or Communists, dispatched from Egypt, Tangier, and, the United States of America. The 250,000 Jews enjoy a curious but perfect peace among eight million Moslems, three quarters indigenous Berbers, the rest descendants of 8th and 11th century invaders who brought Islam to Morocco from Arabia. The Berbers wonder what the urbanised Arabs will do next. Some Arabs, listening twice daily to the remarkable incitements to murder and revolt and sabotage broadcast by Cairo, reading similar documents smuggled in from Istiqlal leaders in Tangier, (this loosely termed International Zone, the Spanish Zones, in North and South, form modest islands in the Empire, most of which is the French Protectorate) or forwarded by devious routes from the United States, live in an atmosphere in which normal work is difficult, and arrest after an "incident" in the district not impossible.

There is real and simulated anger among Arab political partisans about the deposition in August 1953 of the Sultan Mohammed V, who was

recently transferred from Corsica with some of his wives, children, and a few of the concubines he had possessed in his palace in Rabat. The terrorism and the differences have not been reported in the British Press as freely as they might have been, with less competition from Mr. Chesney's latest friend in Germany and any other sexual or morbid sensation or depravity. Nor have our popular newspapers seen fit, even once a year, to make worth while references to the ubiquitous progress which the enthusiastic, skilled and eager French administrators, aided by a growing number of Moroccan deputies, have attained. But the figures of casualties are indicative of the acumen, skill and resolve of those responsible, for deaths among the French numbered by early January 1954, 17, their injured 45; 39 Moroccans had been killed and 63 injured. Policemen killed were one French and one Moroccan; their 13 injured included six French. Foreign firearms and local bombs had damaged trains, motor cars, factories, homes and shops, the total number of "incidents" from the end of August 1953 till mid-January 1954 being 115, with 99 fires, 48 outrages with explosives, and, 65 acts of sabotage. Slow-speaking, unhesitant, calm, resolute General Guillaumé, the Resident-General, who looks 48 but is ten years older, told me in Rabat that, the "terrorists' plan" aimed at creating general panic, frightening Moroccans loyal to the new Sultan or those who worked for the Administration, and ruining Franco-Moroccan friendship. Bombs deposited in the busy Central Market and the Post Office of Casablanca (a flamboyantly provocative city of astounding contrasts that might have been specially created to serve as the ideal recruiting sergeant of Communism) were designed to kill or frighten the French last Christmas Eve. On the radio, and in newspapers that might be expected to steer nearer the safety of ascertained facts freely available on shore, it has been alleged that arrests in French Morocco have recently totalled 4,000 to 5,000. I was assured that political detainees numbered 177 and 1937 persons had been held in prison, mostly after the terror in Oujda and Casablanca in August 1953. The majority of the latter had already been liberated, or would be, before the end of this year at the expiry of sentences.

In Sir Winston Churchill's favourite holiday home for painting in winter the result of the daily reports in the French Press, and in that circulating in other civilised European capitals has been tragic. In the Churchill hostelry, the Mamounia Palace, where a room with private bath and pension costs over £7, plus tips and drinks, I counted 20 guests at the feast of dinner. Yet this prince among restaurants can comfortably seat all the occupants of the 230 wonder-rooms created above an unbelievable garden of palms and orange trees, dominated by the solemn 200 feet tower of the 750 years old classical Khoutoubia Mosque. (From Paris I covered the 1400 air miles by Air France to Casablanca in four hours, thence the 200 miles to Marrakech in just over an hour.) Other hotels in Marrakech are suffering similarly, for the first time for several years.

Morocco's new Sultan and the Pasha of Marrakech have been added recently to head the list of personages against whose lives attempts must be made. The hatred broadcast constantly against Sir Winston's friend, famed far beyond Marrakech, the Hadj Thami el Glaoui, and against the Sherif el Kittani, head of the Kittani Brotherhood in sacred Fez, are a

measure of the exiles' anger at the couple's successful planning in 1953 for the expulsion of Sultan Mohammed V. Yet those who argue, and I know they include high personages at the Quai d'Orsay, that General Guillaume erred when inducing M. Bidault to expel Mohammed V, frankly agree that 11 out of 23 Pashas opposed this Sultan's reign, six openly pronounced themselves in favour; out of the 323 Caids of Morocco, 311 had, from the outset, belonged to the opposition and demanded his exile. High French authorities alleged that his last few years witnessed irregularities at the Court in Rabat, conditions with which certain foreign films have long made us unhappily familiar in more advanced territories.

Sunny words spoken to Mohammed V about the end of the war by the idealistic but unconventional President Roosevelt raised excessive hopes among the Sultan's Nationalist friends and politicians. France was still on her knees, having suffered what the United States and Great Britain had fortuitously escaped, occupation. Worse still, in Paris, France's callously effete politicians, amoral, unconscious of patriotism in the presence of temptation, proceeded lightly, by omission, to help damage France's prestige. They convinced Nationalists prematurely eager for Moroccan independence that the French were too decadent for any effective *riposte*. Mohammed V was pressed by impassioned, mostly professional men from the middle classes, small and big traders, willing and forced contributors to Party funds, all of whom had misread the meaning of the staggering decline of white influence in the Dominions and Colonies of Asia, in Egypt, Libya and other parts of Africa. The Istiqlal, and more moderate P.D.I., the Democratic Independence Party, had not lost sight of French departure from Syria and the Lebanon, of Italy's unceremonious expulsion from Libya, of Britain's retreat, only just in time, from India, from Palestine, of Holland's defeat in the East Indies. It would have been incongruous if, after the Roosevelt interview with Mohammed V, the Moroccans had sought less than complete independence, since that had been granted to Libya, a far more backward power, thanks to the costly statesmanship of the expert on dockers' wages, Ernest Bevin, acting as Foreign Secretary. Moreover, the Moroccans felt that the Power in occupation was, on the surface, as flagrantly weak as the play-acting by those holding the reins of authority in Paris would lead anyone normal to assume.

Unfortunately for them, and him, the Moroccans and their leader found that, however irresolute Paris might be, and its disinterestedness, allied to the politicians' abysmal ignorance concerning the delicacies of the situation in Morocco, are no worse than the agelong innocence of Whitehall about India, Egypt, Malaya, and vital territories in Africa, the Residence in Rabat was undoubtedly headed by men of different calibre. Here I, too, found another France. After watching the undersized, headhanging, bleary-eyed persons of both sexes to be seen in modern Paris (outside a few of the world's most astronomically costly hotels), I found the French in Morocco, their wives and children, a prompt refutation of the Smuts theme-song that, France, one-time Great Power, had been, had seen, and was now leading the Spengler race to her doom. By the side of cool General Guillaume in the mountain village of Sefrou, I studied his square-shouldered officers, well-built but spare of flesh, tall,

fresh-eyed, marching lightly at the head of dark, bearded, drastic looking men that carry the African sword, the Tenth Tabors, who will fight, and may be die, in French Indo-China. It was an unforgettable morning. These other, more typical, French empire builders work for a time at the desk, as magistrates, tax collectors, civil administrators, and then return to a fighting unit, to keep by sword their ancestors' conquests through battle or diplomacy. One of their ablest and most courageous administrators has recently returned to Marrakech from Indo-China, and on his way to high office, helps himself daily into a specially adapted car that respects two artificial legs.

Having been shown some of the more recent articles in the daily press belonging to the Istiqlal, I was not surprised to gather it is now suppressed, as is the weekly with a circulation of 15,000 copies that served the more astute but may be not less intransigent P.D.I. With the Press silent, violent denunciations of the French regime are made by the Istiqlal leader in exile in Cairo. Allal el Fassi, and others, control the "Voice of Cairo," which is inadequately and ineffectively "jammed" by the French authorities. On December 25 the Voice declared, "We hope that Morocco will work, will take revenge, and free itself." General Guillaume had spoken of France's enemies, the terrorists desiring to present France to the world as a nation incapable of maintaining peace. The Cairo speaker said he had meant "the Moroccan Commandos." On January 1 this year the Voice of Cairo declared that Morocco would continue to rise in revolt against French Imperialism, would burn the colonists, destroy their properties so long as France soiled Morocco's pure earth. It is not without significance that on January 1 the Voice also said that on July 4, 1953, General Mohammed Neguib had inaugurated this "daily programme of transmissions on Arab problems, the Arab world, and Islam." French diplomatic relations with Egypt continue, and there is mutually nostalgic good will as well as cultural respect. But how can we, or the French, allies of the U.S. in N.A.T.O., complain to Egypt while similar exhortations, beamed to the Soviet Union and satellite states, assault the air every night, from stations in Germany and elsewhere around midnight? Yet normal diplomatic relations and formal courtesies obtain between the left hand of the State Department and the left hand of the Kremlin. These innovations in the air are an example of methods that someone somewhere must seek to end for the sake of world concord, the hope of world peace.

Terror has now continued for six months. The Glaoui, aged, dark-skinned, sitting amid signed photographs, dissident clocks, diplomas of decorations, sixteen autographed books by Churchill, and a fascinating study signed "W.S.C." which shows gay Marrakech, complained bitterly to me of French inactivity since August 1953. He warned that men who had served the Sultan were still in power, that those who had aided Mohammed's removal were not being adequately consulted. The alert, deep-sunk eyes of the octogenarian feudal lord half closed in retrospect. That moment his secretary-interpreter, member of the Sephardi Jewish sect, picked up the telephone to thank the Inspector of Police in Rabat for news from hospital about a wounded notable. This official of the Phosphates monopoly died shortly afterwards, victim of the terror,

special object, as a reputed friend of the Pasha's, of bitterness. My car had been held up for inquiries and confirmation in all three long court-yards; I drove past many guards before reaching the wonder lawn shared by bouganvilleas, gracious palms, lemon and orange trees that flank the vast modern improvement on the battery of windows at the foot of the Mall in London. The Glaoui's palace is far more luxurious than the residence of General d'Hauteville, the (rightly) famed French Civil Governor.

In Rabat I was enabled to meet vehement critics of the regime. A professional man spoke to me in his home, drove me at seven in the morning with his brother to a country estate that I might meet his farm workers. In a luxurious home that would turn Mr. Pollitt red with disapproval another professional man spoke of the wickednesses of the regime in removing the Sultan. The first man said they all listened to Cairo and to the B.B.C. from London, adding, "All my friends have been put in prison, all the intelligentsia, doctors, pharmacists. A pharmacist in Fez has just disappeared and we do not know whether he is still alive. This happens to people with opinions. France is determined to suppress all opposition." Moroccan traders and officials allowed me to visit them late at night. They appeared terrified lest they be arrested, alleged that people detained in prison after an "incident" were dealt with severely. Some assured me that the terror would continue until the return of the Sultan, and more repression would lead only to intensified terror. The peasants, whom I saw led in the presence of their employers, said they had been ordered by their Caïds to march on Rabat and threatened that disobedience meant arrest. I cannot forget the sincerity of the cry of a little man who works in a French government department in a senior capacity, "We should gladly forfeit the material progress France has brought, return to the 1912 stage, and, have—*independence*." He did not criticise the Americans, of whom there are thousands, engaged on duties in the four finished atom-bomb bases and, around the fifth, which is being left on the grounds of economy.

French officials told me they are puzzled by the number of exiled Nationalists who appear able to enter the United States with false passports, who appear to have no visas, and whose visas remain effective after the expiry of the allotted period. Indeed one high official said to me, "We wonder sometimes where these Istiqlal men obtain enormous funds for comfortable living and agitation in the United States."

What of France's record since 1912? She has suffered two disastrous wars, occupation of much of her territory, and her pacification of Morocco ended only in 1934. She has poured money into Morocco for capital works and balanced the budget. In 1944 Moslems in public schools totalled 32,000, Jews 19,000, and French or other nationals 46,000. By 1951 the figures rose to 137,000, 33,000 and 67,000 respectively. This year the Moroccan total is to be 237,000. Moroccans employed in the Education Department had increased from 2,168 in 1949 to 3,102 two years later. French and Moroccans sit together in Rabat on the Economic Commission and on the committee for newly passed reforms. Local elections will be held in the larger towns this summer and the electoral list in Casablanca has reached 108,404. Moroccan counsellors assist with

the administrative services, on radio, youth, tourism, information, the nationalised phosphates monopoly. New assistant Vizirs will help the aged Premier, and a Moroccan economist has been given high office. In the higher rungs of the Civil Service 18,599 Moroccans work with 18,772 Europeans; in other grades the totals are 5,976 and 5,759. General Guillaume assured me that the School for Administration, founded in January 1950, would help to extend responsible posts to Moroccans. Only in 1912 a new era opened for the education of Moroccans, thanks to his celebrated predecessor, Marshal Lyautey, dreamer, poet, architect of beautiful, calm, dignified Rabat.

With administrative expenses accounting for half the budget, planning has been ambitious. The great artificial port of Casablanca has been created; 27,000 miles of local and main roads, with excellent surface; 1,100 miles (447 electrified) of railway; air-lines; a gigantic electrification programme; the cultivated area has risen from 6,225,000 acres in 1927 to over 12 million. The French Treasury advances to the National Bank in Rabat through a running account the sum needed to keep Moroccan payments balanced (on December 31, 1951, the advance was 3,585 billion francs). Moreover, in 1951, 39 billion francs worth of Moroccan exports destined for France and Algeria were exempted from more than 3 billion 800 million worth of import duty. None would pretend that France's record is less than imposing, particularly when compared with other imperial examples, but appetites are unlikely to be satisfied by figures and the modern French officials' determination to do even better. They realise that General Guillaume's predecessors did not press enough Moroccans into the major posts sufficiently fast. The French problems have been added to lately by Spain's victory in Washington. This has given General Franco the impetus to demand that M. Bidault attend to many matters that are thick with dust among the Paris files and have been resting since 1945 or 1946. No harm will be done by a decision by these neighbours to clear up minor and major but old differences. I hope M. Bidault does not now forget that, thanks to the farsightedness of his predecessor (and may be his successor) M. Georges Bonnet, who signed a remarkable but little known treaty in secret in March 1939, the Western allies were saved grave difficulties on the Pyrenées and in Morocco, when General Franco was stronger than he has been and is even now.

Can France make her peace with the Nationalists to end the terror? Direct and successful negotiations are unlikely in the current atmosphere. The intervention of someone enjoying respect and confidence in both camps, known for absolute disinterestedness—and this excludes government officials among France's allies—can hope to bring an armistice and better understanding to Morocco. The alternative is grim, and French officials as well as Moroccans are conscious of its dangers. Terms should be made first for peace from Cairo Radio. The prisons in Morocco might release men arrested only for political work, while people similarly sent to live in the mountains, could be brought back. Moroccans should have a far greater say about the extent of immigration, the activities of capitalists and technical experts alike. A vast loan should be used to reduce the Scottish Gorbals of Casablanca, as a first priority, should destroy, by force, the equally indefensible Mellahs in Marrakech. There must be

guarantees for early and wide extension of facilities for Moroccans to enter the highest posts. French and Moroccans can then sit together to discuss a way out of the present, a tearful and fearful enigma. The magic of Morocco will aid courageous minds to recognise that, the Moroccan is undeniably on the way to self-government, that France is eager to help, but that, for some years, she must retain legitimate rights due to her pioneers, who gave their lives, skill and money, to turn this Barbary desert into a land of achievement.

GEORGE BILAIKIN.

THE U.S.—PAKISTAN PACT

KARACHI is a lively and peaceful city. At this gateway to the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent it is difficult to believe that one is in the capital of a nation still struggling against odds. The pulse of the city is keenly felt when one enters the Jinnah Road, the main shopping centre with its new, gleaming, yellow, multi-storeyed buildings, most of them less than a few years old. It is however the melancholy truth that, apart from this apparent prosperity of the capital, in 1953 Pakistan's economy was so depressed that the United States Congress voted the necessary wheat aid to overcome a food crisis. Pakistan is one of the few countries in South Asia, which appealed for military assistance from America. The appeal was kept pending for the last few years. The mutual Security Act under which aid should be given clearly defines its objective and totally precludes its use against any of the neighbouring countries. Pakistan's right to defend her freedom as a sovereign state cannot be denied. The Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammed Ali says: "A strong Pakistan is not a threat to anyone. On the contrary she is a guarantee for the security of Asia". He is so fully aware of the threat from Russia and China that he does not hope to avoid aggression by "not provoking Russia". The strategy of Russia aims at ruling the whole world, and to be provoked or made suspicious comes only in the second phase. The trend of events in China and Korea furnished the world with ample evidence as to communist designs. Russia sent her troops to China, and South Korea was a victim of brutal invasion only because these countries were so weak militarily as to invite aggression. Neutral nations are not always exempt from war. This was shockingly made clear during the course of first and second world wars. The mere fact of being doubtful and wavering in course may bring war on these countries.

Pakistan with a population of 76 million is not in a position to aggress, for she cannot meet the needs of her army by herself. She has at present no heavy industry to keep her forces going, and the military equipment Britain and America can spare is the only source available. General Sir Douglas Gracey recently said "A strong Pakistan is essential for peace in the world and particularly in this area". He expressed surprise at the

talk in some quarters regarding Pakistan's aggressive designs. "I have been the Commander-in-Chief there and I ought to know". In the shifting sands of the middle East the countries which fully realise the Soviet threat are Turkey and Pakistan. In the event of war Turkey can be outflanked by Soviet forces if Pakistan and Iran keep aloof leaving a gap wide open in the armed circle round the communist empire. For the past few years the Western powers have sought to fill in this vacuum in the Middle-East, but the Arab nations are interested mainly in the suppression of their common enemy, Israel.

New alignments under way between Pakistan and Turkey can pave the way to strengthen Anglo-American policy in the Middle-East, and the move can bring other Islamic states, Iran and Iraq into the defence line extending along the Persian Gulf. When Iran's economy is rebuilt and the oil dispute is settled, it is likely that she may complete the network. These developments modify the concept of Middle East defence as envisaged with the co-operation of the Arab League countries, especially Egypt. American jet planes flying from air bases in Pakistan and Turkey can give adequate support to the armies of these two countries in the event of a Russian invasion of the Middle-East. Soviet aggression would probably be made through the Khyber Pass, the route taken by almost every invader of India from the north, combined with an air attack from the newly constructed air fields in Tibet and South China. The nature and closeness of the threat has made Pakistan seek Western military aid in accordance with the principle of collective security. The 30 million dollars set apart for military assistance to the Middle East includes both Pakistan and India, but it is evident now that American strategy aims at preventing India from influencing Arab nations to neutralism. The violence of India's reaction has hardened opinion in America to the possible danger of other South Asian countries adopting an ineffectual stand against communism. Pakistanis feel that thousands of them would be given a chance to earn their livelihood and will be able to help the restoration of their country's agricultural economy as a result of the military aid.

The dangerous growth of communism in South Asia began after the Chinese invasion of Tibet. In Nepal, the small independent kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas on the northern border of India, communist influence is gaining ground as a result of economic unrest and agrarian discontent. The armed rebellion in Biratnagar last year showed the extent of their hold on masses in remote village areas. The leaders, whenever they are hard pressed, cross over to Tibet. At present the country is weakened by the open rivalry between the Koirala brothers, one the Prime Minister, the other the Congress President. There is also a good deal of infiltration of Tibetan communists into the country. Communist activity inside India tends to be neglected. Why do so many Indians regard it as a creed which has taken deep root in their land? It can be argued that the Congress Party still holds power in spite of a good deal of animus in parties "from the wrong side of the track". Many who favour communism do so because the Congress Party sought to advance vested interest rather than meet the elementary needs of the common man, and they turn to communism as a means of achieving their goal.

The main problem is unemployment, and the solution lies in a progressive industrial policy and creating new productive employment.

Trouble spots cover vast areas in north and south India. The enlightened state of Travancore and Cochin with a population of four and a half million is called upon to face a general election because communists and their allies created conditions which prevented the constitutional working of the government. The choice before this most literate electorate is between Congress and the United Front of Leftists. In 73 constituencies there are straight fights between Congress and communists. The strength of the Legislative Assembly is 117, and the independents contesting number 45. Re-elections in Patiala and East Punjab are the result of Congress failure to secure a majority in the Legislative Assembly against a strong alliance dominated by communists.

In the general election in Travancore—Cochin communists polled 12.5 of the vote, and in subsequent by-elections this was increased to 13.4 per cent. In Hyderabad by-elections the communist vote increased from 36.7 to 47.8 per cent., in Madras from 5.4 to 22 per cent. On a general average communist vote increased by one third. The Indian Government waged a regular war for more than two years with guerrillas in the districts of Telengana and Warangal in the south before it was called off by the communists. The constant strikes in Kolar Goldfields, Mysore, cocoanut plantations and oil mills in Cochin, are mostly communist inspired. In the north the menace is greatest in Assam, West Bengal and Himachal Pradesh. In central India they are not much of an organised force to be reckoned with except for sporadic activity at various centres. Taking into account the communist threat from outside and internal dangers, the situation could hardly be more serious. Pakistan is the only country in South Asia, where communists could not hold ground as a political party because of lack of leadership and national feeling against them.

The relations between Pakistan and India are still strained over the Kashmir problem, the Canal water issue, evacuee property claims and boundary disputes. In such a position it is only natural for India to fear the military rearmament of a neighbour who might turn out to be an enemy with added strength. Special attention extended to a country within the Commonwealth fold can only be given with due consideration to the feelings and interest of other members. Pakistan has been a loyal friend of Britain and America, realises the positive dangers facing the free world, and feels that she has the potential and incentive to be like Turkey in her stand against aggression, not following a policy of vulnerable isolation. Viscount Swinton, the British Commonwealth Relations Secretary said in a recent statement at Karachi, "It was Pakistan's firm desire to remain in the Commonwealth". He added that his tour had shown him that the character of the Commonwealth was unity through diversity. Pakistan has often voiced her determination to remain within the ranks of the free nations and to make her contributions to the security of Asia. If the Pentagon armed any Asian country, it would be for the same purpose as she armed Greece, Italy, and Yugoslavia—to make weaker nations strong enough to resist Soviet aggression.

A. JACOBS.

THE FAITH OF AN AGE

SOME time before the Second World War a symposium was published by the *Daily Express*, contributed to by Arnold Bennett and others, and entitled *My Religion*. Recently another symposium, called *This I Believe*, of articles and broadcasts, both American and British, introduced by Mr. Ed Murrow, has been published.* The obvious instructors of our age such as Lord Russell, Dr. Einstein and Dr. Albert Schweitzer are not there. Only Miss Rebecca West has contributions in both volumes. And yet as pictures of the deeper cultural life of these decades how fascinating they are, and how different!

The first thing one notes is that, in the second volume (unlike the first) on this subject of creed and belief, no theologians have been invited to contribute and only two professional philosophers—one, Professor Ayer, an announced atheist, and the other well known for his reaction against orthodoxy. The editors proudly proclaim that this manifesto has "no connection with any church", and that it is designed not least to appeal to the 75,000,000 Americans who are not Christians (or Jews) of any known society. It is a massive proclamation of what the supposedly representative man believes ought to be believed, without offensive benefit of experts to inform him. Only Lord Elton, among the assembled contributors, seems to have pointed out this eccentricity. It stems, it may be conjectured, from the basic prejudice, voiced by Mr. Archibald MacLeish as "the American Proposition", that everybody has a right to think for himself by himself to himself, a right to believe what he thinks, and to act on what he believes. Occasionally there seem to be certain lapses in sense of proportion.

Professor Bronowski, the physicist, is for welcoming "new experiences" and "living fully", and Professor Brogan for enjoying his friends, while Mr. Peter Ustinov believes in doubt and mistrusts conviction. Mr. Melchior, the tenor, believes in going out with his gun and meeting God in the forest. Dr. L. Saul apparently believes that the singular of the noun "species" is specie. Mr. Milton Shulman, in the *Evening Standard*, has recently expressed himself vociferously about the oddity of asking actors to express their views upon most subjects from migration to migraine but, after all, there is nothing out of place here, in this mirror of our age's pilgrims to Camelot, since the editors say they expect to welcome all among their guests, "business men, baseball-players". Perhaps owing to ignorance and despite earnest scrutiny I have been unable to detect this last contributor. One is tempted to put the book down with the doubt whether the noise of the whirring of quite so many intellectual windmills, grinding grain and chaff, reduced to the notation of writing, put between two covers and handed out as a new bible, has ever been heard or seen before.

This would be quite wrong. It would not only be wrong because Mr. Aneurin Bevan makes a plea here for imaginative tolerance. It is a matter of fact that much good grain has been ground. And the significant thing is that the contribution of Mr. Herbert Hodge, the B.B.C. taxi-driver, with his confession of a craftsman, is in many ways much more

*Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

interesting than that of philosophy professor Ayer, with his prim but scarcely profound remark, lacking in personal colour, that he believes in "concern for human happiness" (does anybody make their chief rule for conduct concern for human unhappiness?) and, a cautious platitude, that "pleasure is in the main a good". If the contributors do not write like great philosophers, this may be because contemporary professional philosophers, lacking the genius of synthetic imagination to provide any *Lebensphilosophie*, have run away from part of their job.

The editors in their wisdom have decided to look to the common man (in England usually, apparently, a knight banneret). What does one find? I said above that I had been unable to find, in the collection, any contributions by baseball players. I was wrong. For indeed I find a ground-ball player. He describes how he learned to play ground-ball and to encourage others in like plight to himself to play it, although at first, when he was offered the ball, he thought he was being mocked. Because, from this story, one learns that he was blind from the age of four. . . . There are here unboastful stories of human courage in personal experience. It is in this quality, so near to human dignity, that the authors believe; but usually this belief is not one of mere obstinacy, but records a modest sense, stamped by integrity, that "underneath are the eternal arms"; that the individual and his pleasure do not matter all that much; but that what matters is the sustained and triumphant quality of the human spirit. Professor Ayer's theme is that such credulity implies an otiose and unnecessary pattern, and is "a council of despair"; but then Professor Ayer has not been blind. Or has he? There is another story of a violinist stricken with arthritis and of what (although maybe, in the Ayer philosophy, "the good is mainly pleasure") he made of things, not by pleasure but by other means. One turns on to the contribution of the great Negro statesman who was offered the position, first of his race, of Assistant Secretary of State of the United States. I defy anyone to read its simple record of an affirmation, not without humour and irony, without being filled with a personal sense of humility by comparison. "Could I honestly have said as much?" one thinks. "And how much I wish I could." Here lie the guileless elements of affirmation which is what our world wants, waiting for seer and prophet to put it into the drama of genius as the great seers of the past have put it.

Most of the contributors seem to think that the answer to the question, "what shall we do?", is within, as a style of life. Moreover the criterion of this style is the extent to which it expresses the answer to what we intuit as the deepest needs—is itself the profoundest expression of the human spirit. It is not enough to talk, with Lin Yu-tang, about the Importance of Living. The question is: how? We may say with Edward Arlington Robinson, "I feel the coming glory of the light"; and, if we do indeed feel the coming of the Kingdom, that is much. It may be (and I will say it without hesitation) that the function of the churches is to present their various sacred dramas as medicines of men's souls, or what the Hellenes would have called their sacred mysteries. Differences between these can be settled by no intellectualist dispute or noisy argument, but only by an act of judgement upon their various degrees of profundity in plumbing the human spirit—some narrow but may be

more intense, some wider in the whole stream of the great human tradition of values. And perhaps the trouble is that, although (as this book quite memorably shows) we have our individual confessions of great integrity, we have today lost to political movements the sense for the social act presenting the symbols of the great human drama, the sense for the divine comedy, the sense for the sacred mysteries which set forth concretely and as a communal act the abstract virtues of which we talk or which we practice by ourselves. We have, on neither side of the Atlantic, yet emerged from the negative phase of rejection of an act which has been stereotyped, conventionalised, vulgarised. But we doubtless shall re-emerge into the positive, as we again recall its dignities and glories; and these two books are some index of it, not least by the spiritual advance of the second beyond the first.

GEORGE CATLIN.

FEEDING JAPAN'S MILLIONS

THE most difficult problem Japan has now to face is how to provide enough food for her rapidly increasing population. Having lost her Colonies—and with them her source of the raw materials she is so desperately short of—there is little outlet for the eighty five millions of people living on the four islands left to her. Indeed, the situation is so serious as to be the keynote of her National economy today. For not only must she import at least one sixth of the necessary food, but she has to make an all out effort to keep her factories going to pay for it; and the slogan of one of their leading textile manufacturers "Export or Starve" is literally true. As a race, the Japanese are frugal and thrifty, and their wants are simple. They are also resourceful; and realising the limitations of their situation, have explored, and are still exploring, every possibility of increasing their home produced food. Their fisheries are highly developed, land intensively farmed, and any form of wild life that escapes the snares and pitfalls prepared for it, is wise in its generation.

The diet of the Japanese people, as a whole, consists of rice, fish, and vegetables—not forgetting seaweed, which is not only considered a delicacy, in its processed form, but is valued for the large amount of iodine it contains. Owing to this, they say, goitre is practically unknown in Japan. The loss of the Kuriles, and the lower part of Saghalin to Russia, has been a big blow to Japan. Quite apart from losing some important industries and plant in Saghalin, there was a big lumbering trade. Even so, this loss is of less importance to them than the effect it has had on their fishing industry. Before the War, the Hokkaido fishermen used to fish for salmon and herrings in the Sea of Okotch, and their whalers, and floating factories went as far north as the Arctic. Now, the Russians will not allow them to sail round the north of Hokkaido, which means that they are restricted to the areas near their coasts, and there is a danger of the northern waters being overfished. In the warmer waters of the South, sardines, mackerel, trout, prawns, lobsters and other fish abound. Here too are the successful oyster farms, both for edible and pearl oysters. The fishermen, who live in small coastal villages,

under the edge of the cliffs, sail in fleets, and it is fascinating to see the sea lit up at night when they throw lights on the water to attract the fish. Japan is a very mountainous country, and much of it is covered with forests. Some forests have been felled, but even so, at least three quarters of the land is at present unsuitable for cultivation; but the climate is humid, and there is plenty of water for irrigation purposes. The growing season is long, varying from 120 days in the North, to 300 days in the South: when the northern part of Hokkaido is icebound in Winter, in the South, luscious strawberries are grown on dry walls, in time to export to the U.S.A. for Christmas, and New Year.

Before the War, about half the population was engaged in agriculture and fishing. Much of the land was in the possession of large land owners, and only a little more than half the farms were owned by the farmers: but with the introduction of the New Constitution, and democratic rule, important changes took place in the life of the people, one of which was a redistribution of land, which made it possible for many more farmers to own their farms. Today, at least 87 per cent. of the farms are owned by the farmers. By our standards the farms are merely small holdings. They range in size from only about one to two and a half acres on Honshu, but in Hokkaido—the only place where there is any pasture to speak of—the farms are ten acres. The fields here do not need irrigating. Oats, barley, buck wheat, sweet potatoes, and many varieties of vegetables are grown, including very delicious asparagus. Here too there are some dairy herds and horses. In the other islands very few animals are kept, and then chiefly for draft purposes. They are either tethered in the corner of a field and given their fodder, or are fed in their stalls.

There is considerable co-operation between farmers, and in the case of animals, every third farm may perhaps own a bullock, every fifth a horse, and there may be only one cow to every forty farms. Animals are hired to the neighbouring farmers in exchange for labour: two days' man's labour, for the use of the animal for one day. Rice is their chief crop. The smallest corner of land will be made into a paddy field, for they cannot afford to waste an inch. The land is cultivated to the Ocean, and even the seashore is sometimes made fertile by sinking a well, and irrigating the sand with fresh water. Shallow river beds are used, and hills terraced, and watered by an intricate system of irrigation. It is an interesting sight to see paddy fields on level terraces all down a hill side. Where the hill is steep, bench terracing is used, and sweet potatoes interplanted with mulberry trees, or fruit trees are planted; and when the terraces are very shallow, strawberries are grown. Strawberries are quite an important crop, for they are ready by the beginning of May, and last until the beginning of August. The fruit is large and juicy, and of a uniform size, but lacks a little of the agreeable tartness of the English and Scotch strawberries. Pears and persimmons grow on most farms near the house—never in the precious fields—and in certain areas unsuitable for rice growing, there are large apple orchards, and groves of mandarin oranges.

Japan's rice crop is the largest in the world per acre. Two crops, and in some places three crops, are raised each season. From Springtime, when the fertilizers are mixed in the soil—either by a set of wheels being drawn through the flooded ground by a horse or oxen, or by the feet of

the farmer's family—to the gathering of the final crop in the Autumn, the whole family toils ceaselessly. Dikes have to be kept in repair, terraces level, and as long as there is the possibility of raising an extra handful of rice, they labour. Even the muddy dikes between the paddy fields are made fertile, and vegetables and corn-in-the-cob are grown along them. Autumn comes slowly to Japan, and as the grass—which unlike grass in most countries has remained bright green through the long, hot Summer—is turning to its Winter brown, and a touch of russet is seen among the foliage of the trees, the workers will be cutting the second or third crop of rice. Clad in dark blue mompei, with the baggy trousers tied at the ankles, and the waist drawn in with a sash, their heads swathed in white cloth which conceals all but their eyes and noses, and on top of this a large coolie hat, the women and girls work as hard as the men; for tending the paddy fields is everybody's business. Later, the fields which are suitable will be drained, and Winter cereals planted in them.

There are no farm buildings round a Japanese farm house. They would take up too much room. The house may be two storied, and all along from under the thatched roof, persimmons, daikons (a large radish), and perhaps corn-in-the-cob will be hanging; while the spaces between the eaves will be stuffed with sheaves of grain. If the farmer boasts a verandah, or shed, cucumbers and marrows will be trailing over it. Nothing is wasted. Straw from the rice is kept straight, the children collect twigs, small feathers, shells, and anything else likely to be of use; and when the rice has been polished, the dried persimmons and sweet potatoes sliced, and the soya beans salted down, and Winter is upon them, the family settle down to home industries: weaving the silk from their own silk worms into lengths of silk for kimono, making floor mats, geta (wooden clogs), rope, bags, and toys. With a bit of wood, a piece of string or wire, some feathers, a few colours, and a paint brush, the most ingenious toys will be made, which will delight the fascinated buyer at a stall in the Ginza in the coming season. Two or three farm houses are generally near each other, and form a little hamlet. Like all native houses they are built of wood, with no chimneys, and are heated by an open movable brazier filled with charcoal. Formerly, when the farmers needed wood for building or charcoal, they cut down a tree. But so much wood has been used over the years for charcoal and in the building of houses and rebuilding them after devastating fires, typhoons, earthquakes, and tidal waves, there is a danger, if they continue to use wood at the same rate, of their forest reserves being exhausted in the foreseeable future. The Government has therefore introduced schemes for afforestation on a big scale, and has limited the cutting down of trees in many districts; and as half the wood was used for making charcoal, that too has to be used more sparingly.

A great deal of salt is used in the preparation of food, and in the fishing industry; and as they possess no salt mines, in the past, they have obtained large quantities from evaporation of salt water, by a method of heating it over charcoal on some of the shallow beaches. Now, ironically, it is a question of importing salt to save charcoal, or not importing salt, and using charcoal. So far a policy of compromise has been decided on, and they are importing half the salt required, and saving half the charcoal. During

the War farmers prospered, for although the towns were bombed, the countryside was untouched. It has been the custom for farmers' sons to remain on the farm, but now, with this big increase in population, the farms cannot support so many people, and the young men have to try for work elsewhere. During trade booms they will be taken on, but when trade slackens, they are the first to lose their jobs, as they are untrained. The Government, therefore, is introducing a new scheme, under the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry, whereby young men and women in rural areas—and particularly the second and third sons of farmers—will be able to receive technical training in agriculture and forestry. The aim is to bring more land under cultivation, to provide more food for the people, and at the same time, to make those who volunteer economically independent of their families. Several immense hydro-electric plants are to be constructed, which in almost every case will be adaptable for irrigating unfertile stretches of land, which will be used for farming by the students after their training. There is, too, a scheme for the men to own their own farms in time. In every way that a resourceful nation can envisage, the Japanese Government is endeavouring to solve this major problem; but what is proposed will take time, and meanwhile the large Japanese family has to be fed. Manufacturers, who are using the unpalatable prospect of food shortages as an incentive for their workers to increase their output, have now realised that nothing but the best is good enough for export, and are aiming at producing ever more attractive, and better quality goods; and with the alternative of being half starved if they do not make a big effort, the workers can be expected to exert themselves to the utmost to put their country in the front rank of competitors in the markets of the world.

J. Y. LUMGAIR.

THE LEGACY OF LOUIS XIV—I

THE principal legacy of Louis XIV was a powerful and centralised France. *Le Roi Soleil* was no superman in the sense that he would have fought his way to the front had he not been of royal descent, but he gave his name to the greatest era in French history and his rays penetrated to every corner of Europe. He owed his success to the combination of his political heritage and his personal qualities. Frederick the Great saluted the French of the age of Louis XIV as the Romans of the modern world. The founder of dynastic autocracy in France was Richelieu, who broke the power of the feudal nobility and the Protestants, and by the creation of Intendants asserted the authority of the Crown over the whole country. So decisive was his achievement that the Fronde was little more than a straw fire, and Condé was the last of the *Noblesse d'Epée* to draw his sword against the throne. The most sordid episode in the history of seventeenth century France left the Monarchy stronger than it found it, for the angry disgust it aroused led to a nationwide demand for a firm hand at the helm. The *Noblesse* and the Parlements had discredited themselves, and Mazarin steered the ship of

state into calmer waters without shedding blood. *Le Grand Siècle* had begun.

Richelieu had created the conditions for autocracy, but if the edifice was to outlive its architect it demanded a ruler of ability and industry, self-confidence and *flair*. Louis XIII, the most colourless of the Bourbon monarchs, had preferred hunting to politics and left the management of the state to the mighty Cardinal. There was no need for Anne of Austria to anticipate the injunction of another royal widow a century later: "George, be a King." Though but a child during the hectic years of the Fronde Louis XIV never forgot the humiliations of the Royal Family through the dark days of the Fronde, the early morning flight from the Palais Royal, and the thunder of Condé's cannon in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Even before the death of Mazarin he had resolved to be his own master, to allow no minister and no favourite, male or female, to shape his course, to make the nobility the ornament instead of the rival of the throne. His veto on the duel, which had taken heavy toll of the aristocracy during the reign of his father, embodied his desire to preserve the *Noblesse* without allowing it power. Its chief function was to contribute to the splendour of the Court and the prestige of the Crown. Great landowners who lived on their estates were disapproved, and when their names came up in conversation he curtly remarked: "C'est un homme que je ne connais pas". "I intend to be my own First Minister", he announced, and he kept his word. Court posts naturally went to the *Noblesse*, but the business of state was largely transacted by the lawyers—*gens de la robe*—and other capable bourgeois who owed everything to the sovereign. The king demanded from his people obedience, not collaboration. Never for a moment did he question his capacity to fulfil the task allotted to him by Providence, and the incense by which he was surrounded confirmed his massive self-assurance. His ability was above the average, his industry unique in the annals of the Bourbon dynasty. Even under the shock of military disaster or domestic sorrow he remained calm and dignified, though at times when alone with Mme de Maintenon tears came to his eyes.

"There was nothing to be compared to him at reviews, fêtes, every occasion on which the presence of ladies created a tone of gallantry, a gallantry always majestic," testifies Saint-Simon, a rather unfriendly observer. "Sometimes there was gaiety, but never anything misplaced or indiscreet. His slightest gesture, his walk, his bearing, his countenance, all was measured, appropriate, noble, majestic but quite natural. Thus in serious matters such as the audiences of Ambassadors and other ceremonies no one was ever so imposing. One had to get used to him in order to avoid embarrassment when speaking to him. His replies on these occasions were always brief and to the point, rarely without some obliging or even flattering remark when the occasion demanded. In every company his presence imposed silence and even fear". Never was any human being more obviously born to be a King. Nothing suggests more vividly the awe he inspired than the suicide of the unhappy cook when the fish for dinner on a royal visit to Condé at Chantilly failed to arrive. So great was the awe he inspired that one of his Generals exclaimed on entering the royal presence: "I never trembled like this before Your Majesty's enemies". Like other autocrats he made costly mistakes,

but his devotion to his task is beyond challenge. He believed in the system bequeathed by Richelieu as implicitly as he believed in himself. If Henri IV was the most popular of the Bourbon rulers, his grandson earned the maximum prestige. That the longest reign in French history was also the most illustrious is the conviction of Frenchmen who agree in little else. It was a glittering vision, the splendour and strength of which aroused the envious admiration of the world. With such a monarch there seemed no need for the States-General. The army was without a rival in Europe, and the navy, the most enduring of his creations, was double the size of the British fleet. Under the fostering hand of Colbert industry and commerce grew apace. The master of France was the richest and most powerful prince in Europe, and scarcely anything seemed beyond his grasp. Since Charles II of Spain was childless, he reflected, perhaps a Bourbon might soon replace a Hapsburg at Madrid. In the technique of kingship he was not only unrivalled but unapproached. "He was born prudent, moderate, friendly and just", testifies Saint-Simon; "God had given him enough to make him a good King and perhaps a fairly great King. All the evil came from elsewhere."

The essence of Richelieu's system was the concentration of authority in the hands of the King. It was said of the Hohenzollern Empire after the fall of Bismarck that in the most elaborately organised of European states there was anarchy at the top. The young Louis XIV was resolved that there should be no flicker of anarchy, no thought of challenge to his will, no division of power. The Cardinal's *Testament Politique*, published in 1687, uttered a solemn warning against nerveless rule: better too much severity than too much lenity, for weakness was the ruin of the state. The Memoirs of Louis XIV, first published in full in 1860, were at once a summary of the first decade of his personal rule and a manual of political instruction for his son. He portrays himself as the effective ruler of his kingdom and a jealous guardian of the prestige of the crown, while fully realising how much is expected from an absolute sovereign. Here are a few of his precepts. "It is essential for princes to master their resentments. In scheming to injure someone who has caused us trouble we may injure ourselves. Exercising, as we do, a divinely appointed function we must appear incapable of the agitations which might lower the standard. If it is true that our heart, knowing its frailty, is conscious of the emotions of the common herd, our reason ought to conceal them directly they threaten the public weal for which alone we are born. A King must hold the balance between the many people who strive to tilt it to their side. So many pay court to us for personal reasons under specious phrases. You cannot satisfy everyone. Do not assess the justice of a claim by the vigour with which it is pressed. The result of the decision is more important than the merits of the claimants: the greatest of rulers would soon be ruined if he granted everything to deserving cases. Since those of our rank are never forgiven we must weigh our words. Kings are absolute lords and have full disposition of all people, secular and ecclesiastical; use them according to the needs of the state. Never hurry. Take long views. The King must know everything. Empires are only preserved by the same means by which they are created, namely vigour, vigilance and hard work."

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So far we seem to have been listening to the calm accents of the father of the gods on the summit of Olympus, but the young ruler makes no attempt to conceal the temptations of the flesh. Princes, he declares, can never live too prudent and innocent a life. To reign happily and gloriously it is not enough to issue orders if we do not regulate our own conduct. He had felt it right to recognise his daughter by Mlle la Vallière by granting a title to her mother. "I could have passed over this attachment as a bad example; but after drawing lessons from the failings of others I could not deprive you of those you could learn from mine. The Prince should always be a perfect model of virtue, all the more since he lives in a glasshouse. If, however, we yield in spite of ourselves we must observe two precautions as I have always done. First, that the time allotted to a *liaison* should never prejudice our affairs, since our first object should always be the preservation of our glory and authority, which can only be achieved by steady toil. Secondly—and more difficult to practise—that in giving our heart we must remain absolute master of our mind, separating the endearments of the lover from the resolution of the sovereign, since the influence of a mistress is much more dangerous than that of a favourite". Despite this frank admission of human frailty, the whole of this *Testament Politique* breathes the robust conviction that absolute monarchy is the best form of government and that the author is the model ruler, a blessing to his country and a pattern to the world.

Never for a moment after the death of Mazarin left him a free hand did Louis XIV allow a minister or a mistress to deprive him of a fraction of his authority. The Chancellor, who kept the royal seal, the Controller General of Finance, the Ministers of State without portfolio, and the four departmental Secretaries of State, were merely executants of his will. The three successive *maitresses en titre*, La Vallière, Montespan and Fontanges, possessed no political influence, and there is no ground for the belief that the course of the closing decades was deflected by Mme de Maintenon. The concentration of power which formed the core of his political faith involved unlimited responsibility before his subjects and posterity. When a Minister apologised for referring decisions to the King on the ground that he was still new to his job, he was informed that he would never have to decide about anything and that his only duty would be to obey the orders of the King. Business was transacted by four principal Councils, three of which were regularly attended by the King. The small Conseil d'État, the nearest equivalent to a Cabinet, discussed and decided the great issues of national policy. The Conseil des Dépêches dealt with internal affairs, the Conseil des Finances with taxation. The Conseil Privé, consisting of lawyers and rarely attended by the King, was the highest judicial court in France. None of the Councils possessed any statutory rights, and they were regarded by the King as purely advisory bodies. When Colbert and Louvois were gone the era of supermen was over, and during the closing phase he had no one on whose judgment he was inclined to lean. Never did he attempt to shield himself behind a subordinate when things went wrong; that would have been beneath his dignity and would have diminished the authority of the crown. Like Mazarin, he imposed his authority without shedding of blood. *L'État c'est moi* was his slogan, even if he never coined the

phrase. Of all the princes in modern Europe Louis XIV and Frederick the Great came nearest to the ideal of father of the country, the first servant as well as the master of the state.

Every potential focus of opposition to the royal will was neutralised if not removed. The Parlement of Paris, which had roughly challenged the authority of the court during the turmoil of the Fronde, was paralysed by a veto on its traditional privilege of recording remonstrances, unavailing though they might be, against the decisions of the crown, and no further trouble arose while Louis XIV was on the throne. It was a high-handed proceeding, for the magistrates regarded themselves—and were widely regarded—as guardians of the fundamental laws. The Parlement of Paris, an offshoot from the old Curia Regis, could boast of centuries of service as the supreme Court of Justice, dealing especially with appeals from lower courts. At its foundation by Philippe le Bel the President and Councillors were appointed yearly, but they were usually re-appointed. As the business increased it was divided into the Chambre des Enquêtes dealing with most of the appeals, the Chambre des Requêtes with petitions on points of law, and a third chamber with criminal cases. The most important decisions were reserved for the Grand Chambre. Eleven provincial Parlements were instituted during the following centuries. It was not surprising that such bodies developed mild political ambitions, but as the royal power waxed their influence waned, and Louis XIV was determined to keep them strictly to their legal duties. The Estates still met occasionally in various Provinces, but they were allowed little power and the Provincial Governors were merely ornamental nominees of the King. The work of administration was carried on by the thirty Intendants, usually belonging to the bourgeoisie, who took orders from and reported to the King and his Councils at Versailles.

With equal determination Louis XIV clipped the wings of the Papacy in the Four Articles of the Church Assembly of 1682, mainly drafted by Bossuet, which reaffirmed the Gallican tradition of the supremacy of the crown except in the sphere of belief. "Kings and princes", declared the first article, "are not by the law of God subject to any ecclesiastical power nor to the keys of the Church with respect to their temporal government. Their subjects cannot be released from the duty of obeying them nor absolved from the oath of allegiance". Even in the field of doctrine the power of the Vatican is strictly circumscribed. "The Pope has the principal place in deciding questions of faith," runs the fourth article, "but his judgment is not irreversible until confirmed by the consent of the Church". The Declaration was signed by thirty-four Bishops and thirty-four lesser clergy, and was registered by the Parlement at the command of the King. An edict was issued prescribing that the Four Articles should be taught in all the Universities and accepted by all Professors of theology, and the Archbishops and Bishops were summoned to enforce their reception. Though the angry Pope considered the issue of a formal censure of the articles, no action was taken, for the King, with the nation behind him, was too powerful to be coerced.

His ideal was a homogeneous nation, looking up with pride and gratitude to its head. This monolithic conception of the state allowed no place to religious minorities, and when the King turned *dévot* under

the influence of his Jesuit Confessor and Mme de Maintenon his zeal for uniformity became an obsession. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was as much an assertion of the principle of national unity as an affirmation of the Catholic faith. Richelieu had been content to destroy what little political influence the Huguenots retained after the Wars of Religion, and at the opening of his reign Louis XIV paid public tribute to their loyalty during the Fronde. That these orderly and industrious citizens asked only for a quiet life was recognised by all: their only offence was their faith. The clergy had always detested the Edict, and their Quinquennial Assemblies demanded its abrogation or at any rate its drastic modification. Twenty years of ever increasing persecution, including the closing of churches and schools, and the nightmare of the *dragonnades*, led thousands of Huguenots to seek shelter abroad and thousands more to avoid almost intolerable suffering by nominal conversion. Declaring that it was his duty to convert all his subjects and extirpate heresy, and encouraged to take the final plunge by his confessor Père La Chaise, Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, and Louvois the ruthless Minister of War, he revoked the Edict of his grandfather in 1685. In a frenzy of fanaticism he exclaimed that he would complete the conversion of the Huguenots even at the cost of his right hand, and he was saluted by Bossuet as a second Constantine. The greatest crime of the reign was also the gravest blunder, for the thousands of skilled artisans who streamed across the frontiers weakened France as much as they strengthened England, Prussia and other Protestant states in which they found a new and happy home. The ferocious persecution transformed the bolder spirits into rebels, and during the War of the Spanish Succession the bloody guerrilla struggle in the Cevennes added to the anxieties of the crown.

The King's detestation of the Jansenists was scarcely less pronounced than that which he entertained for the Huguenots, though the measures of repression were less violent. The precise nature of their doctrinal deviation was beyond him, for he was no theologian. What stirred his anger was the thought that so many of his subjects, including a section of the clergy, continued to hold Augustinian ideas on grace proclaimed by Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, and popularised in France by Saint-Cyran and Antoine Arnauld. Five propositions concerning predestination in Jansen's *Augustinus* were declared heretical by Pope Innocent X in 1653; and the Jansenist hostility to the Jesuits, which inspired Pascal's flaming *Lettres Provinciales*, increased the determination of the King to enforce uniformity in the Church. It was no easy task, for the Jansenists were widely respected for their piety and austerity. Their attitude was restated in Quesnel's *Réflexions Morales sur le Nouveau Testament* which enjoyed immense popularity and led to new measures of repression, culminating in the expulsion of the inmates of Port Royal de Champs, the total demolition of the convent buildings and the issue of the Bull Unigenitus in 1713. It was not the end of the struggle, but the old King died in the belief that another source of opposition had been removed.

Compared to the fierce battles against the Huguenots and the Jansenists the Quietest controversy was a storm in a teacup. An extravagant variety of mysticism taught by Molinos, a Spanish priest, and commonly described as Molinism, was embraced with fervour by Mme Guyon and

with greater circumspection by Fénelon. The aim of Quietism was to rise above ceremonies, sacraments and dogmas into a rapturous vision of the Divine Essence by the *via negationis*, self-annihilation, an emptying of the soul from all thought, feeling and will. That such a rejection of external authority and direct moral responsibility might slide into antinomianism was obvious, but Fénelon believed that much could be learned from this gospel of renunciation. His attitude was defined in his *Maxims of the Saints*, a devotional treatise saturated with mystical theology. Like all the great mystics from St. Therese and St. John of the Cross to Molinos, his goal was complete surrender of self: all that mattered was to love God. At this stage Bossuet, the national champion of orthodoxy and authority, entered the lists and fulminated against the new heretics. When Fénelon appealed to Rome, the Pope condemned his book and the author submitted. Regarding himself as the guardian of orthodoxy, the King deprived him of his post as Preceptor to the Duc de Bourgogne and excluded him from the court. Mme de Maintenon, who counted him and Mme Guyon among her intimate friends, bowed to the royal will. In a temperamental outburst Saint Simon complained that the Court vomited hypocrisy. In his later years the King was a gloomy fanatic, but hypocrisy could no longer be laid to his charge. The last of his Jesuit Confessors, Le Tellier, incarnated the spirit of Yancorous intolerance which contributed to the growth of anti-dericalism and unbelief in eighteenth century France at least as much as the polished scepticism of Bayle and Voltaire.

G. P. GOOCH.

To be continued.

THE DIARIES OF VICTOR HUGO

AFOLKLORE is gathering round the life and work of Victor Hugo. He wrote so superbly that he moulded the cultural tradition of France, but there were shadows to his genius. The definitive edition of his works edited by, Meurice, Simon and Daubray, took fifty years to complete (1901-52). But they were not complete, for Hugo kept secret diaries which have only just been edited by Henri Guillemin. They do not enhance the poet's reputation. They record with power and beauty the reaction of a sensitive mind to the epic that he graphically called the *année terrible*. He writes daily of his thoughts and feelings on the Declaration of War, his return to his native land, to which he had declared he would return only when liberty returned, the calamity of the siege of Paris ("Remember, Oh! People of Europe, Pariscide may well be parricide") where, he notes, "there lacked a Hoche within and a Danton without", the death of his son Charles and the grief of a father already cruelly bereaved, the Commune, the shelter he sought in Brussels, his expulsion from Belgium by a "reactionary and clerical government", for making his home a haven for the vanquished, and his travels through Vianden, Altweis and Thionville which his father had gallantly defended in 1814.

These diaries had been kept secret because they portray facets of Hugo's life that would have caused faction and friction. A more discreet politician would have omitted the nocturnal tappings and ghostly dreams that haunted him, even from the intimacy of a diary. Was he psychic? Was he mad? Almost nightly, he was obsessed by mysterious and menacing tappings at his bedside. He had given up the table rappings he had conducted at Marine Terrace in 1855, but these invisible and inexplicable callings from beyond continued; and he even grew more attentive to his dreams. On August 13, he met Louis Napoleon. On March 22, his dead wife called him. Such revealing confessions would have supplied his clerical foes with formidable weapons. His brother Eugène and his daughter Adèle had died mad. And France was bisected on sectarian lines into Clericals and Anticlericals and the Clericals stalked him remorselessly. He writes, June 15: "The priests preach from their pulpits that it was I who raised the fire in Paris and who caused the Archbishop to be shot". On July 24: "The curé of Vianden preached from his pulpit, the devil had three religions on this earth, the Lutherfan, the Calvinist, and the Jansenist. Now he has a fourth, the Hugoist". He continues with unadorned irony. "The curé is a fine fellow. He has the only goose in Vianden. They are inseparable. Sometimes the goose follows the curé, at others the curé follows the goose". On September 2, "The Jesuit paper declares I am Satan in person". Hugo justifies his anticlericalism. "Peter has always helped Caesar in his massacres. For a thousand years they have been making those who are too poor to afford boots to their feet pay for the emeralds in their tiaras". But he was not anti-religious, for he teaches his grand children their prayers and writes D.V. to his hopes.

The other reason which explains the secrecy round his diaries is because of the uninhibited way he recounts his amours. He was 68, and ravaged by secret and shameful fires. Since 1833 he had been living with Juliette Drouet. She was now 64. And he sought solace with other women, hunting them everywhere, noting their payment and where to find them. His diary becomes an inventory of his erotic behaviour which he hid from the prying eyes of Juliette by masculinising their names—Zolé (Zoe), Mariat (Maria) Marthel (Marthe) Johannard (Anna) and disguising the sums he gave them as help to prosscripts. Here he remains a child of pagan gods, a fit study for Toulouse-Lautrec. These facets of his life were not unsuspected. What his diaries reveal unexpectedly and damagingly is his thirst for Dictatorship. In 1848 he had stood for the Presidency. Now he sensed the Gallic love-hate for a "a man on horseback". And he was sufficiently politically immature to crave for such power, little suspecting the shrewd realism of Favre and Thiers. He writes grandiloquently "Men like myself are impossible until they are necessary. A Dictatorship? I will bear that burden. Even if I succeed Dictatorship remains a crime and the good results of such a crime do not excuse it. Yet such a crime will I commit. If I am successful in saving the Republic I declare I will leave France, never to return. But these are my conditions. Absolute Dictatorship. Dictatorship without limits". He was probably moved to write of this craving on his return to Paris that glorious day September 5, which he described so proudly.

"An immense crowd awaited me. The welcome was indescribable. I told the people you re-pay me in one hour for the twenty years of exile. They sang the Marseillaise and the Chant du Départ. They shouted Vive Victor Hugo. I shook hands more than ten thousand times. They tried to unyoke my carriage but I prevented it. A regiment passed along the Boulevard. The soldiers halted and presented arms. Next day I was asked to form a triumvirate. I replied No. I find it impossible to work with anyone". Such ovations can turn the heads of the prosy but Hugo was touched by poetry and burned by ambition. Imagine Victor Hugo Dictator of France! Marianne would have proved an imperious mistress.

He was proudly rich. At his home the Pavillon de Rohan he entertained lavishly. Louis Blanc, Lemaitre, Ferry, Gambetta, Gautier, de Banville, Coppée, Quinet here met the uncrowned king of letters. He drew royally on his English Bankers, Heath and Co. and his royalties and dividends enabled him to act princely in his generosity. He was flattered that a boulevard, a postal balloon and an orphanage were named after him, that his photo was sold in the streets. And all the while the tragedy of the siege moved on remorselessly. October 10: "There is only enough sugar for ten days". October 16: "There is no more butter and no more cheese". October 22: "We eat horse in all forms. I have seen a shop window with a notice *saucisson chevaleresque*". November 2: "There is a *pâté de rats*". December 3: "We eat bear, we eat stag; the day before, antelope, presents from the Zoological Gardens". December 19: "There is no coal. On January 7 he wrote to Clemenceau, Mayor of the IXth arrondissement: "I resign myself to die from hunger and cold. Nevertheless I recommend my laundry girl to you." He obtained the coal. January 8: "Theatres are closed. There is no gas to light nor coal to heat them". January 12: "We ate a beefsteak of elephant". And pathetically January 20: "A child of 14 was crushed to death at the bakers". Then came the capitulation and the armistice. So he tidied his papers and departed for Bordeaux where the Assembly was summoned.

During the long drawn out suffering, he prepared to go to the ramparts. He bought a képi at the Louvre, a Capote of a Zouave, and applied to General Trochu for a pass. He was relieved when a deputation came on October 9: "to forbid him to go and get himself killed, seeing that anyone can get himself killed but no one can write the *Chatiments*". Throughout the sorrow his gift never failed him. October 21: "There is nothing so beautiful as the sound of the *reveillé* in the morning. At first you hear a roll of drums and a call of the bugle, a beautiful and martial melody. Then a silence. After twenty seconds again the drum beats and the bugle calls, each repeating the note but now heard further off. Then again a silence. After a pause, the drum beat and the bugle call start afresh now in the distance as faint as an echo".

At Bordeaux his son Charles died and the brokenhearted father writes: "If I did not believe in the soul I would not live another hour". He returned to Paris to bury him and then found business in Brussels where he sheltered from the Commune till he was expelled. His home was attacked and "when all was over the police arrived". He made a détour through Luxembourg, where he heard of the foul fury of the white terror,

then on to Vianden and Altweis making long excursions and sketching the scenery. At Thionville he found the house where his father had lived and even an old lady who remembered him. And so the exile returned home. He lived to enjoy his secular canonisation. He became the troubadour of the Third Republic and died majestically, a legend, in 1885. The span of these diaries epitomises his contribution to the society that nurtured him. He begins on July 17: "Three days ago, whilst I was planting in my garden at Hauteville House the tree of the United States of Europe, war broke out in Europe and the infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed in Rome. In a hundred years time, there will no longer be any wars and there will no longer be a Pope, but my tree will have grown". It ends at Reims on September 25: "I am listening to the song of the bells. Two, a large one and a small one, are speaking to one another. The large one peals 'Oh I so love you', and the small one replies 'Oh no'."

VICTOR COHEN.

REFORM SOCIALISM IN SCANDINAVIA

AFTER 18 years of uninterrupted government, the Norwegian Labour Party once again faced the electorate. Pessimistic forecasts were not infrequent. According to these, the Party was bound to be worn out by now and to lose its traditional majority. In fact, however, it gained 78 out of 150 seats. With all that it must be said that the Labour Party did not make things easy for itself. Indeed, what I want to stress now could only have happened in Scandinavia, and possibly only in Norway: The governing party passed a new electoral law which put an end to the privileged position of big groups and thus prejudiced its own success. In this way any slight change of mood might easily have turned the Labour Party into a minority and deprived it of its prestige as the majority party in the last purely Socialdemocratic Government in Europe. Anyone who exposes himself to such a risk can never be suspected of totalitarian tendencies. If, therefore, the Norwegian Premier, M. Oskar Torp, speaks of the pursuance of the Socialist course, his idea of Socialism has nothing in common with the omnipotent, un-Socialist State capitalism of the Eastern European countries; what he has in mind is a fairer distribution of the national assets—not more, but certainly not less.

The same conception of Socialism exists also in the Socialdemocratic parties of Denmark and Sweden. Apart from a short break, the Swedish Socialdemocratic Party has been carrying the burden of responsibility since 1932. It is less fortunate than its Norwegian sister party in not holding a safe majority in Parliament, but it commands roughly one half of the votes and maintains a harmonious co-operation with the farmers. In the recent elections in Denmark the Socialdemocratic Party emerged with a relative victory, holding more mandates than its chief opponents, the Conservatives and Liberals together. Hans Hedtoft, the head of the Socialdemocratic Party, therefore proceeded to form a minority cabinet. These minority governments have become almost a normal feature of political life in post-war Denmark. It is, of course, not easy to secure the necessary majority in every case. Hedtoft, a fervent democrat (who was

one of the first to seek friendly relations with Western Germany), once explained the situation to me as follows: "If one works with a Parliament in which the social forces of the nation hold a certain political and numerical balance, then one must try to achieve a genuine compromise. People with dictatorial leanings call it sneeringly 'bargaining' (*Kuhhandel*) in reality, compromise is the method of work of a true democracy in which far-reaching attention is paid to minorities." After this solemn statement he added with a smile: "It is never easy to make the 'others' as well as one's own friends understand the necessity for compromise." All his words show a moderation typical of the Danish character and without which the Premier would hardly be successful.

Social Democracy in Scandinavia has long ceased to be based purely on class distinction. In Sweden and Denmark it has the support of many intellectuals and civil servants. In Norway I was witness to the following characteristic episode: During one of the popular inter-party discussions which generally conclude, after violent disputes, with friendly handshakes and a joint dinner, a Conservative speaker remarked *en passant*: "Our Bourgeois parties . . ." He was interrupted with some vehemence by a prominent Labour man—"we, too, are bourgeois!" "We, too, are bourgeois . . ." What a change in the history of the Norwegian Labour Party! Up to 1923 it was affiliated to the Communist International, and a certain Einar Gerhardsen was arrested in front of the royal palace where he stood with posters protesting against misery and unemployment. The same Gerhardsen became later the Prime Minister of that very king and now acts as chief of the Socialdemocratic Party. It was he who took a strong stand against the Communists' suggestion of amalgamating the two parties. Thus, Norway was spared a SED as well as the realisation that the flute-player with his sentimental Russian tunes was nothing but a pied piper, out to catch gullible souls. The Communists who had not a single seat in the Norwegian Storting are now enabled by the new election law to delegate three representatives, though their votes have diminished by one-fifth. In Norway five out of one hundred voters support the Communist Party, and in Sweden and Denmark only four. Yet they receive large sums of money from the Soviet Union and are not restricted in their propaganda. The Socialdemocratically-governed trade unions in Sweden are perhaps the most powerful in Europe. Yet their central Executive has never included a Communist.

But let us return to the Norwegian Labour man who made the remark: "We, too, are bourgeois." The Socialdemocratic Party of Norway did, in fact, develop into a people's party. Its interest was not limited to the powerfully organised sailors of the merchant fleet, to the industrial and dock workers, but it also fought successfully for an improvement in the living standard of the weaker group of foresters and agricultural labourers. In addition, it gained the support of the smallholder to whom the Agrarian Party, interested in the bigger farms, paid too little attention. If these elements support Socialdemocracy and continue to remain loyal to it, this is only because it renounced all radicalism and strictly rejects any form of collectivisation. The whole world talks about Norway's merchant marine, the so-called floating empire. In addition, however, the country possesses a fishing fleet which provides a large number of its people with

a livelihood, though until the end of the war it was a meagre one, the average yearly income amounting to about 700 crowns. The fact that the Labour Government encouraged the foundation of modern fishing co-operatives, introduced improved methods of work and production with the help of picked experts, and, last not least, freed the individual fisherman from the exploitation of boat hiring companies, enabled this part of the population to reach relative prosperity. Happy with their newly-acquired possessions, they solidly back the governing party. The Norwegian example brings out best the popular basis of Scandinavian Socialism. Slogans like "dictatorship of the proletariat" could not be used in any of the three countries if the 100 per cent. democratic platform is to be preserved. While the Socialdemocratic parties in Norway and Denmark had to get rid of certain remnants of radicalism, such trends never existed in the Swedish party owing to its social structure. At the time of the great industrial revolutions Sweden was still an agrarian country, and even in the eighties seven out of ten Swedes lived on agriculture. Today the percentage is less than three, since there is probably no country in Europe which has become more americanised technically.

What, then, is the basis of Scandinavian Socialism and what does it object to? The generally accepted description of "Reform Socialism" gives a good indication. It has little to do with historic materialism and related terms, and the Danish party theorist, Julius Bomholt, has declared that these conceptions have been finally scrapped as an ideological foundation. This statement is given special significance by the fact that Bomholt has become Minister of Education and will, therefore, share main responsibility for the mental development of the coming generation. The chief of the Norwegian party still recommends the study of Marxist literature, but its importance is now mainly historic and its interpretation non-dogmatic. For practical purposes a realistic trend is favoured which aims solely at higher standards of living for all. "Socialism through the backdoor" was the way in which the London *Times* has described Socialist policy in Scandinavia. This phrase, however, does not quite hit the mark. Tendencies to large-scale nationalisation or amalgamation are conspicuously absent in Scandinavia. Whatever has been done in this field goes largely on the account of previous non-socialist governments and comprises the National Bank, Post Office and Telephone, but not all communications. Far greater caution is observed in regard to the radio. To avoid even the suspicion of partisanship, the Swedish Government entrusted the arrangement of radio programmes to a Committee composed of journalists of all parties.

Without going into the details of nationalisation, it is an interesting fact that four-fifths of the important Swedish steel works are owned by the State, with an option on the remaining fifth which may be exercised every 10 years. Shortly after the war nationalisation tendencies appeared also in Scandinavia. The Danish Socialist leader Hedtoft deplored these trends to which he attributed an electoral set back suffered during that period. However, the Prime Ministers of Sweden and Norway also assured me lately that they would carry out no nationalisation simply to fulfil Socialist dogma. Their ultimate plans of reform in this sphere are

probably less drastic than those of the Conservative Chancellor Bismarck during the imperial era in Germany. Employment and social security are, of course, also the aims of the trade unions in Scandinavia which possess considerable power and a large membership. Many of their bodies are collectively affiliated to the Socialdemocratic Parties, on the British model. It is an interesting fact that the Labour governments attach great importance to the existence of equally powerful employers' organisations in order to negotiate the tariff rates which are fully respected by both sides. Even when the Swedish cabinet was purely Socialist it did not desire any State intervention in the labour market. For this reason it encouraged the formation of a standing conference of organised employers and trade union representatives which tries to find a direct and immediate solution for every conflict. The two parties meet at the lovely spa of Saltjöbaden, where human contacts too are quickly made during their common meals. Similar though less far advanced institutions exist in Denmark and Norway. Since their creation, strikes and lock-outs have become rare occurrences—though it must be remembered that Scandinavian workers and employees have the advantage of a high living standard and long holidays with pay.

This degree of social security necessitates high taxation of the rich. At the same time this offers a guarantee that no individual can gain too much power through accumulation of capital. A golden mean has been created by this levelling-down of income and capital, as well as high death duties. A state of general prosperity has thus been brought about. Up to 50,000 crowns, for example, the tax on capital presents no problem in Sweden, and there are only 100,000 families with larger income. Under this system it is difficult to become a millionaire.

Social progress in Denmark was led by its Prime Minister, Stauning, a Party veteran who died in 1942. Nevertheless it lagged behind neutral Sweden during the war years. Child allowances, free medical treatment, unemployment benefits and old age pensions ensure social security from birth to the grave. These countries use on the average one-third of their budget for social purposes, which exceeds their defence expenditure. Special clauses provide for rent contributions in more expensive towns or districts, enabling old people to retire without undue worries. Sweden goes farthest in this respect. Even King Gustav Adolf must accept the basic old-age pension since it is regarded not as a privilege but a duty. Though Norway suffered most during the war, she has achieved a system of security that embraces all those living in the country, regardless of their nationality, and that is true to Nansen's humanitarian principles by leaving out no one, not even hopeless cripples and mental defectives. The Norwegian Minister of Social Welfare is a woman. When it was suggested that child allowances should be given only from the second child, she objected. "When I was young," she explained, "school meals were given only to the second child. As an eldest child I got nothing, which led to all sorts of complexes. I don't want the first-born of the present generation to go through a similar experience." Anyone not in favour of generous social reforms is regarded as a hopeless reactionary in Scandinavia. Consequently, the non-Socialist parties have long tried to outdo the Socialists in this respect. The Socialist parties in the three

northern monarchies also make every effort to secure equal chances of education for all their citizens, given equal intelligence. Occasional fears that university-trained sons of workers might easily stray into another political camp are always sharply rejected. The socialdemocratic parties in Scandinavia have given up their former ultra-pacifist aims. The Swedish party has authorised huge sums to be spent on maintaining the country's strongly-armed neutrality, while Denmark and Norway are loyally fulfilling their obligations under the Atlantic Pact. Thus we see the total victory of a sense of realism which, unfettered by dogmatic ideas, has evolved not a political upheaval but a great social revolution which has guided three nations towards freedom, prosperity and happiness.

A. J. FISCHER.

DARK LADIES OF LITERATURE

THE Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets is a member of the eternal romantic sisterhood of black and white, queens and slaves of passion in ever changing phases, but fundamentally steadfast. They live and die in the realms of fable, romance and tragedy, lustrous as the white Moon, and are in changing constant. They are as old as the world and will exercise their power to the end of time. They are known by their witchery, their commanding charm, their white hands and arms, their shining foreheads, black eyes and raven hair. The divine Moon, as one reads in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, had many identities, but there declared that her true name was Queen Isis; and these her daughters may be as wilful and wayward, as mystical and magical as that mistress of the night, but if, like one of the greatest among them, they renounce their devotion to that white divinity, they can do so only when death is upon them, as it was upon the Isis-Queen, Cleopatra, when she said:

I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.

The story of these black and white ladies belongs to folklore, myth, religion and literature. Poetry and story is alive with their incarnations. The Dark Lady is constantly re-born in ever old and ever new creations. Anacreon's beauty was a girl possessed of jetty ringlets, a brow of snow and ivory, milk-white and rosy cheeks and snowy breast. Catullus's beauty had the smallest of noses, a pretty foot, black hair and long fingers. In the Irish legend the King's son set out to find the Princess with hair black as the raven's wing, cheeks as red as blood and snow-white skin. Peredur's beloved in the *Mabinogion* had skin as white as snow, hair as black as jet and rosy cheeks. The Gaelic Goddess Brigit declared:

Black the town yonder,
Black those that are in it;
I am the White Swan,
Queen of them all.

(Graves's *White Goddess*, p. 361).

The Spaniard, Count Lucanor, wrote of his beloved's eyes, black as those of the gazelle; and the old Spanish *coplaya* runs: thou hast black eyes and art my happiness. Ronsard's disciple, Amadis Jamyn wrote a sonnet in

honour of his dark lady and of all blackness; and also, like Shakespeare, composed another deplored her disloyalty. Sidney rejoiced in Stella's face, white as alabaster, in her snowy skin, her milky hands; in her eyes, black but in blackness bright. She was the Princess of Beauty, the planet that gave him light, peer of the Moon goddess, Diana. Philoclea in the *Arcadia* had black eyes of wonderful shining; and under the white Moon she visited the dark depths of the forest and there inscribed in black characters on white marble, "My words blacke inke, my marble kindly white." Victoria in the play, *Fedele and Fortunio* (c. 1584), was white as snow and smoother than jet. Marlowe's Zenocrate, fairer than whitest snow, although Egyptian, was to be drawn by milk-white harts upon an ivory sled amidst the frozen poles. Camilla, in Lylly's *Euphues*, has comely black hair and a white complexion which excelled the rose. Licio's mistress in Lylly's *Midas* had a brow as black as velvet. Toft's Laura to whom he wrote his sonnet-sequence in 1597, had lily-white hands and milky breast, was as white as snow, white as the Moon, and had eyes of ebony. Bellimperia in the *Spanish Tragedy*, with a beauty that conquered kings, possessed an ivory front and tresses like Ariadne's twines. Vittoria Corombona in the *White Devil* (1611) had a brow like the snow of Ida or the ivory of Corinth and hair like the blackbird's feather. Niger's black daughters in Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* had in their blackness the most perfect beauty. Little Schneewittchen in the folk tale was white as snow and black-haired as ebony. The damsels of the *Arabian Nights* are like the black-eyed damsels of Paradise with faces resembling moons.

Future poets continued with the same idealisation. William's black-eyed Susan had a skin of ivory. The Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, in her study of folk-songs, records that the Sicilian singer held that his dark lady vanquished the white Moon, and the dark beauty of Termini exulted that her black beauty outlasted the snow. Dark-haired Nina-Thoma in the Ossianic *Berathon* had white hands and arms of snow, sat on a rock where the white waves tumbled, and was herself brighter than the setting moon. Shelley's dark-haired Witch of Atlas moulded a being out of fire and snow, sailed under the waning Moon to Austral waters and became as pale as that white luminary. Browning has a number of these dark ladies: Phene in *Pippa Passes*, with snow-pure cheek and black bright tresses and the black eyelash; and Ottima; and the Lost Mistress; and the Lady of *The Statue and the Bust*, with coal-black hair and eyes of the blackest black; and the mistress of *The Last Ride Together*. Chief of all, Pompilia, wax-white, snow-white, dead-white, with sharp pendent hair, flashing brow and black eyes. Tennyson often turned from the blue and grey eyes of the North and the violet eyes of Ettare to the dusky beauties typical of other lands: Eleanore, Kate with bright black eyes and black hair; Cleopatra with bold black eyes, brow-bound with burning gold; the Sleeping Beauty and the Beggar Maid. Ygern was dark in hair and eyes, and Bellicent was like her. Molly Magee was of the dark Celts of Ireland, with red of the rose, white of the may and hair as black as the night. Isolde had blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes. Wordsworth describes his Emily emerging into moonlight from the shadow of the cedar to where the snow-white doe, silver-

bright as the Moon, lies on the greensward. Longfellow's Evangeline had eyes as black as the berry of the wayside thorn; her heifer was snow-white; and she stood in her white-curtained chamber with her snow-white feet. Sacheverell Sitwell's Venus of Bolsover Castle had hair like a raven's wing and limbs cool white. D. H. Lawrence's Ursula in *The Rainbow*, with her black rough hair, is stirred to sensuous madness as she wanders along the shore in the white radiance of the Moon. The mysterious and white-limbed Keri's daughter, according to Ernest Rhys, roams the dark night with her white hound; her black tresses are like wafted smoke, her white feet are like flowers; and the Moon said of her that she gave her white feet to the water and her white hand to the wave.

These are some of the Dark Ladies of Literature; and they have many other selves in folklore and legend. It is among this endless series of reincarnations, each different and unique, that the Dark Ladies of Shakespeare must be considered. They are not one; but many. They begin with heavenly Rosaline of *Love's Labour's Lost*, snow-white of hand, a whitely wanton with a velvet brow—a brow that may seem as black as ebony, but of surpassing beauty—with eyes like two pitch-balls that flash Jove's lightnings. Romeo, enthralled at first by Verona's Rosaline, who had Diana's wit, was, in Mercutio's phrase, stabbed with a white wench's black eye. Runaway Jessica of the white hand, Shylock's daughter, is dominated in her great scene by the splendid Moon. Julia in *The Two Gentlemen*, contrasted with the fair Silvia, was swarthy. Ellen Silence, daughter of the tipsy Justice, was a black ousel. Of the physical graces of Beatrice in *Much Ado* we know little; but she has been counted one of the dark sisterhood. Rosalind is certainly of them, white of hand, red-lipped and bright-eyed, with Helen's cheek, Cleopatra's majesty, on whose behalf Orlando invokes the thrice-crowned Queen of Night, goddess of the pale Moon. Not less distinguished is Phebe of the same play, the disdainful shepherdess with the wounding glances, the black silk hair, the bugle-black eyes and the cheek of cream. If we may trust Malvolio's reference to daws and Toby's to the wren, the merry Maria of *Twelfth Night* was dusky too. Cressida the fickle comes after, darker than Helen, with the white hand and the foot that speaks. Greatest of all is Cleopatra, lass unparalleled, gypsy and wrangling Queen, black with the amorous pinches of Phoebus, serpent of Old Nile, who, with her toils and cunning past man's thought, entangled Antony. In her highest aspect she is made of fire and air and in her lowest is a ribaudred nag. She changes as the Moon changes; and true to her prototype she fled at Actium. For Antony she is the Moon on earth. She dons the robes of Isis in that deity's capacity as Moon goddess; but at the last she renounces her changeful tutelary divinity and becomes marble-constant in death.

And the Dark Lady of the Sonnets? Like Lyly's black-haired Camilla, she is the principal in a triangular amorous intrigue. No elaborate physical description of her is given, but she is clearly of the Cleopatra sisterhood, with a natural beauty distinct from the conventional blond, with mournful black eyes and tender hands that play the virginal with its black and white keyboard. The poet thinks her black beauty of the highest order and loves her for it; but she is wilful, has seduced his

friend from him, and, in spite of all that the poet can do, will keep her hold over both of them. She is his evil angel, the worser spirit, a woman coloured ill tempting his better spirit from his side. He begs her to be wise as well as cruel and revert to him, lest he go mad and speak ill of her. Disillusioned, he thinks his eyes false in admiring her dark beauty. He comes to see a thousand faults in her, knows she is black as hell and dark as night; and though he protests that his love is not of the senses, he finds it a fever which longs for that which nurses the disease. His physician Reason has left him and he is past cure. It is a mystery how she makes him think that her worst exceeds the best and leads him to love her the more he sees in her to hate. She has broken her marriage-vow, he is forsaken in loving her; and they have flattered each other with lies. He deplores again and again the destructive power of lust.

The sentiments on beauty and lust and the animadversions on them might be the subject of any contemporary sonnet-sequence. The difference between this series and others, setting aside Shakespeare's mastery of words and poetic form, is that in this case, the sonnetteer is not only a poet but also a playwright, and has infused into his sonnet-sequence, dealing in part with the established black and white heroine of legend, something of a dramatic story which had, after the manner of such sequences, to be written in terms of the first person. A mere modicum of fact may, with the aid of literary tradition, be cast by the poet's imagination into new and strange creations. Fulke Greville lauded an imaginary mistress in his sonnet collection *Caelica*. W. Percy in 1594 termed his *Sonnets to the Fairest Coelia* but "toys and amorous devices." In his sonnet book *Licia*, published in 1593, Giles Fletcher explains, "For this kind of poetry wherein I wrote, I did it only to try my humour." In the same year Nashe wrote in the *Unfortunate Traveller*, "truth it is, many become passionate lovers, onely to winne praise to theyr wits."

Meantime, a series of Dark Ladies, each purporting to be Shakespeare's Dark Lady, continue their multifarious literary adventures. In Bernard Shaw's brief trifle, as he calls it, *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, in which the Lady says little and Queen Elizabeth says much, we see what may be the end of an intrigue between a gifted lover of words and the black-haired, black-eyed devil called Mary Fitton—though Shaw knew very well that Mary Fitton was blond. In Clemence Dane's play *Will Shakespeare*, wisely called An Invention, the poet is said by Henslowe to be satisfied with nothing but the Moon for supper and Queen Elizabeth thereupon sends for Mary Fitton of the fair cheeks and black hair to meet the man who has wooed her with verse and now offers her the fairy lands of his imagination. Later, when a boy player is hurt, the daring woman plays Juliet; and later still, Marlowe and Shakespeare, rivals for her love, struggle over her in an Inn, and Marlowe is killed. The Dark Lady herself must be held responsible for all this false history. In Charles Williams's *Myth of Shakespeare* this same Mary, charmed by the poet's verse, lures him to follow her with a mere movement of her head. Some again have identified the Lady with Jacqueline Vautrollier, the Huguenot, who married Richard Field, Shakespeare's friend; others with a pure negress. In the Countess Longworth-Chambrun's book of imaginative souvenirs, *Mon Grand Ami Shakespeare*, the Lady, *la belle dame brune*, was

that second Circe, beloved of Shakespeare and Southampton, Nan Davenant of the Oxford Inn, who bewitched men with her wit and her music, her black and lustrous eyes, her skin like the petal of the nenuphar and the charm of Cleopatra: in all of which she resembles the less known account of the same lady in Robert W. Williams's novel of 1839, *The Youth of Shakespeare*. All this and much more is as inevitable as light and darkness. The black and white lady will command successive reincarnations in accordance with the law of her infinite variety and her changeless identity. Whatever avatar it may please her to assume, she will remain herself: for what was written in *Endymion* of Cynthia at the fountain is true also of this her minion, "always one, yet never the same: still inconstant, yet never wavering."

JOHN MUNRO.

RACIAL FUSION IN SOUTH AMERICA

THOSE who despair of a solution to the racial problem, who are disgusted by the retrogressive measures in South Africa and dissatisfied with British compromise in the new Central African Federation, would do well to devote a great deal more attention to the study of Portugal and Brazil. Of the political unions founded in the colonial period and the units of which are geographically widely dispersed the Portuguese is the most tranquil. There are no riots or demands for secession in Mozambique or Angola, Macao or Goa. The people of these places are not "Colonials", but Portuguese citizens, regardless of blood and colour; there is neither racial prejudice nor political discrimination. By a process of almost unconscious integration and the inborn Portuguese belief in the brotherhood of man, these overseas partners have grown to maturity smoothly and without periods of either repressive checks or violent progression. Brazil and the Brazilians are characterised by the genius with which they have developed the Lusitanian tradition of humanism and the unique ease with which they have fused multi-racial and cultural groups. Both countries have given to the world a quiet and too little studied example of how to solve the most dangerous irritant of our times, and one which, more than any other, will influence the future of mankind.

Neither in the Portuguese association of states nor the United States of Brazil is there the conscience-salving pattern of segregation practised in North America. Northern Brazil is racially black and mixed; the population of the Centre and South comprises people of divers origins—Italian, Portuguese, Spanish, German, French, Japanese, Polish and Russian, besides others from the Mediterranean and Near and Middle East and comprehensively dubbed "Turcos"—in fact blood of every race under the sun. There is a good leavening of African and Indian strain from the Guiana boundary in the North to the rolling plains of Rio Grande do Sul in the South. These racial groups live at peace and interbreed to a large extent; all have unconsciously absorbed the Iberian spiritual tradition and experience. Both Spaniard and Portuguese were for several centuries subject to Moorish rule. From the Moor they acquired

a humanism that is their predominant characteristic to this day. This period of Afro-Arab domination, accompanied by the partial assimilation of an alien culture and inter-racial fusion has decisively shaped the development and influence of the Iberian peoples throughout the world.

The trend of integration in Brazil is indicated by a comparison of population figures over the last one and a half centuries. In 1700 there were approximately 750,000 civilised inhabitants—that is white, black and brown people other than untamed Indians of the interior. By 1800 they had increased to two and a half millions, of whom only 400,000 were white, 1,500,000 negroes and 600,000 Indians. For many years prior to British enforcement of the slave traffic prohibition, Africans were being imported at the rate of 50,000 a year. Throughout the nineteenth century they continued to be the numerically dominant section of the population. In 1818 Humboldt estimated that there were 843,000 whites (the Napoleonic wars having given an enormous impetus to immigration from the peninsular); 1,887,500 negroes; 628,000 mestizos and mulattos and 259,400 civilised Indians. It will be seen that the Indian who came into contact with the white and black races were being rapidly absorbed by them and swelling the mixed part of the population. The mestizos in their turn tended to mate with the whites and the process of "bleaching" advanced, so that by 1940 there were—

Whites	26,171,778 or 63.46 per cent. of the whole
Blacks	6,035,869 or 14.64 per cent.
Yellow	242,320 (mostly Japanese)
Brown	8,744,365 or 21.21 per cent. (mixed and Indian)
Unspecified	41,983 (probably indeterminate inhabitants of the interior)

The whites have far outstripped the other groups and those who are neither Black nor White have increased proportionately to a far greater extent than the Black. Gradually a new homogeneous society and a distinct ethnological type—the true Brazilian—will evolve.

The visitor to Brazil quickly realises that he is witnessing the most important experiment of our time and, no matter what his background or preconceived views, he invariably feels elated by the experience. He breathes an atmosphere that is full of an indefinable "*alegria*" and sees about him what is, in many aspects, the prototype of the world state with every sign of a vital and original culture that yet owes much to Franco-Roman tradition and to liberal humanism. He becomes quickly aware of a virile artistic and architectural creativeness; everywhere there is evidence of ebullient growth and energy. São Paulo, which lies in the heart of the country and is the quickest growing city in the world, celebrates its four hundredth anniversary in 1954. Its ever increasing industry completely contradicts the thesis that race-mixture leads to degeneration. On its wide and well planned avenidas one may see a touch of the Far East in an eye-lid, of the Levant in the lineament of a nose. Descendants of savages from Guinea or Guarani Indians perform skilled and well paid jobs in factory and utility company. Pigmentation carries no stigma or handicap—they are Brazilians, free and equal.

In 1920 the population of São Paulo was 579,033; by 1950 it had risen to 2,041,716. Expansion goes on at the rate of 80,000 people a year, and

new buildings at 40 per day. The city's income has more than trebled in the past ten years. These facts hardly support the common arguments used against miscegenation. Without troubling to think deeply on the subject or even to investigate its results and implications the British, as a matter of habit and tradition, regard miscegenation with something akin to horror—as an ethical and social sin.

The Brazilian, on the other hand, is proud of its results and advocates it as a conscious policy. British policy has been based largely on an instinctive but unadmitted antipathy towards those of different colour; Latin policy on sympathy for humanity as a whole and on an uninhibited realism.

The reason for the gulf between the two approaches to the problem is largely geographical. Although the English are, like the Portuguese, one of the most mixed peoples in Europe the prevalent strains have all come from the North and from one race group. Britain has never been occupied or colonised by people of Asiatic or African origin, and its inhabitants have not, and still do not, with the exception of a small administrative and commercial minority, come into cultural or social contact with such people. Her northern insularity has tended to emphasise an instinctive aversion to cosmopolitanism. Iberia, on the contrary, is the stepping stone between Africa and Europe set in a sea that is also the gateway to the East. The experience of Iberians is, consequently, far more profound. We would do well, in view of the absolute necessity of reorientating ourselves in our relationship with those who were quite recently considered "the white man's burden" and "the inferior peoples," to let some fresh air into our minds, study that experience and question our own long-cherished notions.

The natural reaction of the protagonists of supremacy, race-purity and segregation will be to conclude that miscegenation in Brazil has bred a vicious and debased type—the greasy dago and villainous half-caste of the schoolboy novelette. The physique and character of Brazilians confounds the supposition. The independent observer finds nothing to support the thesis that cross-breeding is contrary to moral or natural law. The indelible impression is of a people endowed with natural dignity, a liberal tradition, and for whom the intolerance and oppressions of other lands are repulsive and barbarous. It is also evident that white blood dominates both physiologically, culturally and in character traits. The most primitive and pigmented of the partners is absorbed. The offspring of mixed marriages are whiter, not darker than the black or brown parent; also there is a common desire to maintain the ascendancy of white civilisation and culture—not to submerge these under the customs of the Congo. Contrary to the Malan bogey, Africans and Asians do not wish to challenge the supremacy of Western civilisation; it offers them far too much when they are allowed a share in what should be a universal heritage.

The pattern of Brazil proves that the emancipated coloured man who takes his place in a free society is eager to cherish the better attributes and achievements of Western culture and to make the utmost of its science and technology.

Where there is no prejudice against mixed marriage the tendency is for the white to dominate not only by the laws of nature but by desire.

The first generation mulatto wishes to strengthen and perpetuate his integration with the white and to reduce to vanishing point the African and more primitive strain. He, therefore, tends to seek a mate whiter than himself.

When inter-marriage is a matter of free choice and conscience, penalised by no social ostracism or economic handicap, the black or brown does not seek to drag his white mate's way of life down to the kraal or the shambles of the location shanty. He has already aspired to and adapted the white's way of life and surrounds himself with the cultural and material amenities that are its better part.

The falseness of "natural supremacy"—that the black man was pre-ordained perpetually to occupy a lower cultural and economic status than the white—is further evinced by a comparison of whites and blacks living under similar conditions. The natural inclination of the coloured man is to rise, not to sink or remain static. As with all people, his potential is governed by health and opportunity for education. I have frequently stayed at the ranchos of families as black as your hat or driven cattle across the campos for days on end and slept rolled in ponchos with men with flat negroid noses and ebony skins. In Brazil one does not think about the colour of skin—a man is a man to a lesser or greater degree; but, being British, I was impressed by the fact that the black or brown Brazilian, even in the remote hinter-land, is, if anything, more gracious, quite as reliable, competent and intelligent as the white.

There is a marked tendency to judge and assess the coloured man and to draw arbitrary conclusions about his ability and mental capacity without making allowance for the dominant factors of present environment and the proximity of a primitive and repressed past. (In this respect the sceptics will, if all goes well economically and politically, receive some surprises from Nigeria and the Gold Coast). In enquiring into social and ethnological conditions in Brazil it is foolish to ask: "Are the coloured people in exactly the same stage of development and economic status as those of European descent?" The answer is: in many cases—yes, but in the majority—no. But they have the same political and social rights as everyone else and a limitless future before them in a land of enormous promise. Slavery was abolished in 1888. Until then, and in many cases for years after, the Afro-Brazilian lived in the shadow of the Casa Grande and the paternalism of the Portuguese master. The slave ships carried tribal custom with their cargo, and its influence persisted in the senzala*. To this day one can witness its manifestations in the matto and plantations. It takes far more than sixty-five years to eradicate the superstitions and habits of centuries; especially in a country of such enormous size as Brazil, the greater part of which is undeveloped and without communications. Had the black man an inborn preference for the jungle and the life of a savage he could easily have left the centres of industry and civilisation and taken to the forest and savannah of the interior and continued to live much as his forebears did across the ocean.

Conscious assimilation and integration is the purpose of leading Brazilians today. They aim not only to eradicate the differences of colour and genealogy, but insist that European immigrants incorporate

**Senzala*—The slave quarters on the Plantation.

themselves into the structure of the new nation. The results are eminently successful—there are no disaffected minority groups, no ruling strata exploiting a suppressed proletariat or "inferior" natives denied ordinary rights and opportunities, and, therefore, none of the conditions on which Communism feeds most eagerly in a multi-racial society. Apart from her great extent and economic potential, Brazil's promise of becoming one of the greatest democracies—in fact a pattern for all countries to emulate—is due to her achievement in producing the prototype of the future world-citizen.

J. L. ALEXANDER.

VENEZUELA—COUNTRY OF CONTRADICTIONS

AS a land of mystery, Venezuela would be hard indeed to beat. It enjoys an almost incredible prosperity, and yet, judging by the actions and attitudes of the citizens, their well-being might be fastened by nothing more substantial than a shoe-string. Something like seven times the size of England and Wales, the population is less than 4,000,000. Yet it is not on the land that the people have found prosperity. Nor is it the people who have made Venezuela prosperous. For it is not the nature of the Venezuelan to be energetic and enterprising. He loves ease and leisure, and his stock-raising, coffee, cocoa and sugar-growing never made the country even remotely wealthy. It was oil that made the difference, and the Americans who brought the initiative to find it, plus the technical skill and equipment to bring it surging to the surface. In this way, with the modern magic of engineering techniques, they caused oil to rise like an ever broadening and deepening stream, and with it the prosperity of Venezuela rose and spread. In 1936, 155 million barrels of oil were produced from the Venezuelan oilfields. By 1951 production had reached 623 million barrels, and production is still rising. Three undertakings are piping and transporting the oil. One is the ever growing Shell organization, whose plant at Punta Cardon went into production in February, 1949, and who began production at Amuay in 1950. The Sinclair Oil and Refining Company is there also, whilst at Puerto La Cruz it is the Venezuelan Gulf Oil Company which is responsible for a constantly expanding production. The Venezuelan Government receive over half of all the profits from oil, and they are more than adequate to all the country's needs. Venezuela is one of the few countries in the world which is not burdened by an external debt, and her internal debt does not exceed £150,000,000. As exports are roughly double the value of imports, such a sum is hardly worth a moment's thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that Caracas, the capital, should have a standard of life that might well be the envy of almost every other community in the world. One in every twelve of the 700,000 inhabitants owns a car, and taxis are used so extensively that a Government regulation compels their owners to replace them every two years. In spite of this, Caracas has the unenviable reputation of being the most expensive capital in the

world. A huge national income, an absence of any taxation that places any financial strain on anyone, has not resulted in cheap goods. The price required for everything is the top. This is, indeed, strange, for the huge oil reserves of the country are by no means its sole wealth. Venezuela has gold and diamonds, too, to say nothing of the iron-ore deposits, which are vast and unusually rich. U.S.A. industrialists are busy mining the iron-ore, and for the privilege they are pouring more millions of American dollars into Venezuela. A company which has the backing of the mighty American Bethlehem Steel organization is now producing two million tons of steel on the spot. And plant is being built to double the output.

A country so thinly populated, with such vast natural resources and with an economy that is expanding almost magically would, apparently, be free of all financial anxieties. Yet this is by no means the case. As recently as the beginning of 1953, the demand for oil in the U.S.A. slumped. Why this temporary slump took place at all remains something of a mystery. Nevertheless, although it lasted only a few weeks, it frightened the Venezuelans very badly. The signs of crisis vanished, but there is still no confidence in Venezuela. The chief reason for this is to be found in America, where oil concerns are demanding that they should be protected against Venezuelan competition. It is much more costly to produce oil in the United States than in Venezuela, and American oil concerns have already filed a Bill which, if passed by Congress and Senate, would curtail oil imports. Such a possibility fills the Venezuelans with dread, and, if it became a fact, it would lead to a radical revision of policy and would inevitably involve a large percentage of the population in hardship.

The Government of the country is as peculiar as the economic position. The Venezuelans seem to have a love of trouble, and for nearly a hundred years they indulged strikes and revolutions so extensively that Europeans dismissed them as a chronic complaint that was not too serious and for which there was no cure. It was Gomez who proved everyone wrong about the cure. Seizing power in 1909, he ruled firmly until 1935, imposing a dictatorship which was not without a great degree of wisdom, and which put an end to revolutions. Signs that democracy was to establish itself became evident in 1940. Several political parties came into existence, one of the most influential being the Socialist Accion Democratica. But, in 1948, power was seized by the Army, Government being taken over by a Military Council of three Lieutenant-Colonels, among them Marcos Perez Jiminez, the strongest and most influential. Ever since, this trio has ruled as a military oligarchy, but they were seriously jolted when they decided to test their popularity with the people. They believed that they could confidently seek the approval of the Venezuelans. The ceaseless flood of American dollars had made the country remarkably prosperous, resulting in a great degree of social progress. The Government felt that they would be given the credit for the advances made, and that they would receive approval, providing they did not allow the Accion Democratica party to take part in the elections. To the astonishment and mortification of the Military Council, the vote went against them. Determined not to lose their power, however, the

election results were hushed up, and the promised Constitutional Assembly did not meet. The leader of the Opposition was exiled to Panama and Marcos Perez Jiminez was appointed "temporary President".

Thus the contradictions in Venezuela remain. There is great prosperity, and yet there is a definite undercurrent of uncertainty. There is a Government which has imposed peace and which can claim to have initiated a good deal of social progress. Nevertheless, it rules against the wishes of the people. There are immeasurable natural resources and a rapidly expanding industry, nevertheless, prices remain exceedingly high and show no sign of falling. At the moment, Venezuela knows peace and prosperity. How long it will last depends on many things. But should prosperity end, it is almost certain that internal peace will end also.

MAX GORDON.

THE KING OF BIRDS

CERTAINLY the largest and most splendid of our British birds, the eagle is everywhere accepted as the symbol of might and majesty, for its appearance in the crests at one time or another of such countries as America, Russia and Germany is no chance happening. Although its actual behaviour may belie the belief of its strength and prowess, it has always been associated in the minds of men with such attributes. Apart from its traditional name of the King of Birds, are there not many allusions to this magnificent creature in literature? From Chaucer's "royal eagle that with his sharpe look pierceth the sun" to Tennyson's bird that

"Clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands. . . .
He watches from his mountain walls
And like a thunderbolt he falls."

the eagle has inspired men by his appearance of power.

It is a little surprising to become acquainted with this bird and to find it a most timid and almost cowardly creature. Nevertheless to any lover of the works of nature, the golden eagle still remains a splendid bird in many ways, and one that Scotland is fortunate to have all to herself in these isles. For all the golden eagles that now remain in Britain, and the species has been dwindling for many years, make their home in the Highlands. According to one authority there are not many more than 250 pairs of eagles in Scotland today, but on the whole the species is holding their own in the face of much persecution, and it seems likely that the population will remain much the same for the years to come.

It is a strange but significant fact that both our largest and smallest wild birds should have the word "gold" in their names, the golden eagle and the goldcrest, but it is possible that in the case of the eagle the name has grown up through its associations, for its colour varies in different birds from tawny-brown to shades of chocolate and yellow. The young birds, or eaglets, have white tails barred with black and brown, and when seen alone are sometimes confused with sea-eagles, which are a different species not native to Britain. Like nearly all birds of prey, and in this respect

unlike nearly every other variety of bird, the hen eagle is larger than her mate. Although a hunter by nature, the golden eagle is not so spectacular a killer as say the peregrine falcon or the sparrowhawk. Instead of hunting from a great height, it beats fairly low over the hill-sides taking its prey from the ground, seizing small victims like rabbits, birds like crows, gulls, plover and curlew by the head, and the larger quarry by the head and haunch together. Among the other creatures that may be devoured are blue hares, grouse, ptarmigan, sickly lambs and as often as not the already dead carcases of other birds or animals.

It is on the grouse moors that the golden eagle is shot out of hand, for it undoubtedly does take grouse, both adult and young on occasion, and the presence of a pair of eagles may well ruin a day's shoot. However, in the deer forests just the reverse is the case; eagles are generally encouraged to occupy the area for they keep down the numbers of hares and grouse and other birds that may spoil the deerstalker's chances of approaching his wary prey. Constantly alert by nature, such creatures might easily give away the presence of the huntsman to the deer when they are unaware of his approach. To a certain degree, these two interests usually managed to keep the eagle population at about the same level, for they are conservative birds, and a pair that has selected a certain tract of countryside for its domain will live there for many years, and incidentally will not tolerate the entry of any other of their kin. In any case it always seems a pity that such fine birds have to be destroyed at all, for they are scarce enough now without undue slaughter. It was only two centuries ago that golden eagles were common in the Midlands, in Wales and the Lake District. Now they have been pushed northwards until a visitor to the Lowlands of Scotland is looked upon as a rare occurrence today. It is to be hoped that through various agencies this bird will find encouragement to nest further afield again soon.

The average Highland shepherd has no love for the eagle, for he holds that his flocks are always in danger when these birds may be about. The question of golden eagles attacking sheep is one that has occupied the minds of many people, expert and otherwise. It has been found that the presence of eagles enjoying a meal of an apparently recently-slaughtered sheep or lamb is due to a misapprehension, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. In reality the bird has found a dead sheep or lamb on the ground and, being always fond of carrion or any meal that can be obtained with little effort, has promptly made short work of the carcase, which gives every appearance of having recently met its end at the talons of the eagle. It is equally true that golden eagles are just as fond of mutton or lamb as they are of any other food, but it is exceptional for them to attack living animals of such size. Like every other aspect of natural history it is unwise to lay down any rigid rules regarding the habits of birds, for so much depends, as with human beings, on the individual. What one particularly fearless eagle will do should not be taken as representing the whole species. There have been cases where eagles have actually attacked and carried off lambs, but they were sickly stock and would have died very soon anyway. One case is also recorded of a single bird trying to kill a deer, without much success, but that again was an exception to the general behaviour.

Nevertheless, faced with such apparently positive evidence that the eagles are killers of his flock, the Highland shepherd will eradicate them as far as he can, which is, of course, a pity, for many birds must have met their fate in this manner whilst being innocent of murdering sheep. The remedy seems to be in some form of better enlightenment for the people concerned, for as a nation we cannot afford to lose much more of our bird heritage. In some years the golden eagle has also suffered at the hands of the egg-collector, for if the eggs are once taken, very rarely will a hen eagle lay again that season. The same eyrie is generally used year after year, and even whilst the birds are breeding they will continue to bring twigs and branches to the structure which soon assumes enormous proportions. Two eggs are usually laid and although the male bird does little to help incubate them, he takes a share in feeding the eaglets. From watches kept on this great bird from "hides" it has been shown that great care is taken to give the young birds food that they can easily dispose of. First the babies are fed on the livers of their parents' victims, then in turn, as they grow, they receive raw flesh, plucked and unplucked birds, by which time they are taught to hunt for themselves. The eagle, although a spartan bird by nature, is a very careful parent and birds have been seen protecting their progeny from the sun's rays, or at night from the dew, by spreading their wings over them. The eaglets remain in their nursery eyrie for about eleven weeks for which time they are dependent upon the adult birds for food and the sanitation of their home. Much more remains to be learned of every aspect of this bird's life, as may be said about every wild bird, and if, through added protection and encouragement of the golden eagle wherever it is found, we gain further opportunity to study its ways, we shall also be increasing the numbers of one of the most magnificent birds it is our good fortune to inherit.

CLIVE BEECH.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE Middle East has been prominent politically during recent years, and apart from such ancient cities as Damascus and Jerusalem, and the little towns of Nazareth and Bethlehem, probably the most wonderful survivals there from Biblical days are the cedars of Lebanon. No trees in human history have been so renowned or so bound up with the records of old-time civilizations as these, and none received more frequent mention in the literature of the Hebrews. The writers of the Old Testament era regarded the cedars of Lebanon as the crowning glory of the plant world, and they brought renown and wealth to the Phoenicians, whose sailors carried cargoes of cedar timber all over the Mediterranean. On account of its beauty, stateliness and strength, the cedar of Lebanon has always been a favourite with poets and painters, and it is often alluded to in the Scriptures as a symbol of power, prosperity and longevity. The tree has been introduced into many countries, and there are a number of splendid ones in Britain, where the cedar probably arrived during the reign of Elizabeth I. Although the timber of the cedar is easy to work, the tree is grown in Europe for ornamental purposes only, and the finest

cedars adorn parks and gardens, where they flourish and spread without hindrance.

The history of Phoenicia is inextricably bound up with that of the cedar. Its peoples were beset by foes on almost every hand. The sea lay before, the glorious forests of cedar flourished behind, and naturally they became traders in cedar wood. Five thousand years ago they were bartering their trees for the flint and bronze articles of Egypt. Cedar wood went to the making of temple doors and pillars and to the shaping of Egyptian craft on the Nile. How abundant the trees were is evident from the fact that Solomon had 80,000 "hewers of wood" and 70,000 "bearers of burden" toiling in relays year after year, according to the agreement he had made with the rulers of Tyre. Enormous quantities of timber were felled, but still much remained. The Romans, however, wisely forbade the reckless destruction of the magnificent trees. Boundary stones were set up to mark the limits of cutting. It was later, during the time of Turkish ascendancy, that the trees were almost completely exterminated. The tragedy began with the Christian Emirs. These, driven by the necessity of offering tribute to the Turks, who used the timber in their iron furnaces, felled the trees in enormous numbers. As well, goats did incalculable and irreparable damage. They were allowed to scramble anywhere over the hills and they destroyed most of the young trees. Thousands of the creatures dislodged the stones which held back the fertile soil and prevented the scanty rainfall rushing tempestuously to the valleys; trees were cut indiscriminately and in like manner their roots no longer restrained the water from eroding the precious soil. For four centuries from 1516 the Turks put a price as it were on the crown of every tree. A tax was imposed on every individually owned tree. The forests were denuded of almost every accessible cedar, and further felling took place during World War I, when the wood was even used for locomotive fires. Today (not surprisingly) the cedars have practically all vanished except for odd ones and the main grove enclosed at the foot of Jebel Makhmal. In this grove there are about 400 trees, varying in age from over a thousand years to 200 years old, although legend even asserts that the most ancient ones are 7,000 years old. But such extreme age is not supported by authority. The most venerable trees of all stand on two hillocks, seven on one and five on the other, and close to these is the chapel of the Maronites, an ancient Christian community, and the centre of the Christian religion in the Lebanon. The biggest trees are up to 40 feet around the base, and they are objects of veneration to the natives of the countryside.

When one has seen a cedar in its full majesty—and something of this can be gained from our British specimens—the tree can never be mistaken again. The following paragraph, from "My Travels With a Donkey" by Captain Quintin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham, depicts in vivid phrase how the cedar impresses those sensitive to its wonderful beauty. Having a short leave in the Near East, Captain Hogg, as a member of the Alpine Club, naturally made for the mountains and, as an ardent Christian, headed for that "Christian enclave in the hard core of Lebanon," which has survived for so many centuries the Mohammedan conquest, and this is how he saw the trees: "I had expected to be disappointed with the

cedars. Many travellers are who see them from above. They consist of a small clump of about 400 trees—but what trees! Of immemorial age and gigantic girth, they soar into the sky. The best way to see them is to lie on your back underneath. Then you are in the vast primeval forest that once covered the land. These very trees, naturally sown, filling the air with delicious fragrance, made the ships of Phoenicia, which sailed to Carthage, to Spain, to Britain and even round the Cape (if we are to believe Herodotus), which fought at Salamis; of this wood were built the temples of Ra and Amon in Egypt, of Hadad at Damascus, of Zeus Helios at Baalbek, and even of Jehovah at Jerusalem".

When growing in the open a cedar towers to a height of from 50 to 80 feet, but under the most favourable conditions some specimens exceed 100 feet. The huge bole speaks eloquently of strength and power, but there are usually only from six to ten feet of bare trunk, and then it throws out the great spreading branches which grow far more rapidly than the trunk itself. Then this divides into several stems, and as the tree grows the upper branches become mingled. The cedar is an evergreen, and although it has a certain number of leaves every year they take two or three years to mature, and last four or five years as a rule. The leaves are very tough and when growing they exude much resin. When mature they are a beautiful and characteristic dark bluish-green. Cones are borne when the tree is from 20 to 25 years old, and they take two seasons to mature, but hang on several years. The catkins are reddish and about two inches long, and the cones when young and green have a pinkish bloom which they afterwards lose, becoming a rich brown. After fertilisation they attain a length of about four inches, and form thin, but broad and tough scales, each of which bears two broadly-winged seeds.

Cedars are exceedingly hardy, for they will grow up to an elevation of 6,000 feet. The greater the height at which a tree is found, the stronger is its timber. That of the park-grown cedars of Europe cannot compare with timber cut from mountain-grown trees. It is more spongy and not unnaturally, less lasting. As evidence of the strength and durability of the best cedar, it may be mentioned that portions of cedar beams from the palace at Nineveh, now in the British Museum, have been pronounced genuine cedar and considering their tremendous age they are still in remarkably perfect condition. Mr. St. Barbe Baker, found of *The Men of the Trees*, records that some years ago, when he was excavating with the late Sir Flinders Petrie, they came across some great charred beams in a palace built at the time of Rameses. There had been a fire and timbers had crashed to the floor level and became buried in the debris. The place was Tel Fara, which was the same as Bethpele or House of Escape mentioned in the Book of Joshua. It was the home of David's famous Pelethite Guard. Mr. Baker was able to cut sections of the charred wood and identify them as cedar of Lebanon. John Evelyn, the diarist, lover of trees and arboriculturalist, was an enthusiast where the cedar was concerned, and a pioneer in its introduction into England. In 1679 he received some seeds from Lebanon and wrote: "Why should they not thrive in Old England? I know not, save for the want of industry and trial." Nevertheless these seeds were not the first to be planted in England. What is believed to be the oldest cedar stands near Cantorist House,

in Childrey, near Wantage. In 1630 Edward Pococke, then a young man who was to acquire fame as an Orientalist and Biblical scholar, sailed to Aleppo as chaplain to an English factory there. On his return he brought with him seeds of the cedar of Lebanon, and he planted them at Childrey, of which he held the living. A sapling survived and now thrives as a glorious tree.

At the beginning of this account it was mentioned that the cedar was frequently referred to in Hebrew literature, and it may prove interesting to touch upon some of the allusions. This verse of the Hebrew poet is one of the loveliest:

The trees of the Lord are full of sap;
The cedars of Lebanon, which He has planted;
Where the birds make their nests.

To the Hebrews the cedar was truly "the glory of Lebanon," and the very name "cedar" is said to have reference to the pre-eminence of the tree in the world of nature. For it appears to have derived from the Arabic "kedroun" or "kedree," meaning "power," a word ascribed to it because of its majestic proportions. Solomon had large cedar forests planted in his own kingdom, and in Psalm 80 the cedar is associated with the vine as a symbol of Israel brought from Egypt. Isaiah gave as an illustration of the goodness of God the fact that He would give His people shelter from the burning sun by planting "in the wilderness a cedar," and one of the best-known references is the Psalmist's "The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." In Psalm 148, in which "all the pipes in the organ of nature are set playing to the glory of God," the cedar is the only tree mentioned by name.

The most wonderful description of all is in Ezekiel 31, of a cedar "with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty".

E. R. YARHAM.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

STORM IN EGYPTIAN TEA CUP

THE recent fortnight's storm, though more concentrated than is usual, in no way departed from the modern pattern of Egyptian politics. It began on February 25th when General Neguib resigned from the Presidency, and to all appearances thereby ceased to be the dictator of the revolution. It ended—although no doubt it will recur in

one form or another—on March 8th, when he was restored to his former position as Prime Minister and Chairman of the Revolutionary Council. It was Colonel Nasser, who had taken over General Neguib's post as Prime Minister in the short and uneasy interlude, who proposed on March 8th that General Neguib should return to his triple competence as Prime Minister, Chairman of the Council and President of the Republic. On that day Major Salah Salem, the Minister of National Guidance, made the not surprising announcement—not surprising because no manifestation of instability or chaos can surprise those who give even a passing glance at these Egyptian eruptions—that the joint conference of Revolutionary Council and Cabinet had decided that the recent changes "must be erased"; and he also said that "in spite of recent events, the nation emerged united and determined to strive towards its goal".

The use of words in the political field often deprives the words of meaning. When a nation happens to be the cockpit of rival dictators, the rivals compete in describing the spectacle as a manifestation of unity; and they talk vaguely of their nation striving towards goal when the only apparent striving is the competition for power among themselves. It is true that Colonel Nasser on March 9th declared that the Council of the Revolution had "settled its differences"—of which in almost the same breath he denied the existence—"in order to pursue our major aim, the evacuation of British troops from the Suez base"; but the said aim was the normal instrument for inflaming the nationalist passions of the people, on which the rivals scrambled for power over the people.

In this tornado of Egyptian instability—the descriptive word used by Mr. Eden in the House of Commons when these events were taking place—little is gained by the detailed chronicle of the quickly changing scene: of the Nasser-Neguib alternation from mutual hostility to comrades-in-arms against the British, spiced by British protection of General Neguib against the mob in Khartoum when he went there on March 1st for the ceremonial opening of the Sudan parliament: a ceremony which had to be postponed because of the events in Cairo, and their repercussion in Khartoum. On that day the anti-Neguib rioting involved the death of thirty people, including the British police commandant of Khartoum, Mr. H. S. McGuigan, and Superintendent Mustapha el Mahdi, and more than a hundred wounded. On returning promptly to Cairo (March 2nd) General Neguib broadcast the glib accusation that the "sedition" staged in Khartoum was a British product: an obvious line of polemics not worth examining. But it is equally obvious that the rioting was anti-British as well as anti-Egyptian, the cry for independence being at this time almost universal.

On the wide view indeed these Egyptian and Sudanese storms are part and parcel of the scattered manifestations of nationalist, political and economic unrest unfolding in Africa, the Middle East and Asia. There are few observers of this modern scene who do not expect that almost before the reverberations of these recent events in Cairo and Khartoum have died down, other disturbances of the like kind will break out in the continuing cavalcade. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, Foreign Office, on arriving in London by air from Khartoum (March 9th) con-

firmed the general expectation that further disturbances in the Sudan were to be feared.

LONDON AND GEORGETOWN

The Government in London has announced a long-term policy for British Guiana. Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, in making the announcement to the House of Commons on February 8th last, estimated that the five-year plan he outlined would cost not less than £15,000,000. The details are now being worked out on the spot, in British Guiana. We are thus in effect given a quick illustration of what it costs the British taxpayer to undo the effects of the precipitate, unwise experiment in "democracy" that was tried last year in that colony. The British Government could have been told in advance by any observer of even slight acquaintance with the situation—any of the missionary priests could have told it with overwhelming force—that you cannot treat a backward country of almost primitive inhabitants beset by communist propaganda as though it were a politically developed country capable of choosing its own government and of exercising the functions of democracy. The fiasco of a general election that took place in April a year ago merely gave the communists (whose leaders had been coached in advance by visits to countries already submerged behind the Iron Curtain) their congenial opportunity of imposing a virtual communist dictatorship over the country. Crude and typical methods of terrorisation and sabotage were used by the communists to "win" the election, and the British Government had to take prompt action to undo the disaster invited by its own folly. The new constitution, which had been put into effect in the spring of 1953 was withdrawn before the end of the year; and in its place there is now to be substituted the better expedient of enabling the people of the colony to develop a way of life approximating to the standards of a modern State.

For instance, in view of the fact that the country, which is about the size of the British Isles, is totally undeveloped as to 99 per cent. of its surface, 87 per cent. of it being covered with forest, it is proposed to spend some £9,000,000 during the next two years to provide the means of transport and communications such as roads, railways, posts and telegraphs. Another £2,500,000 is to be spent at once on schemes of drainage, irrigation and land settlement for small farmers, and a like sum for social needs such as houses to replace, for instance, the so-called "ranges", the hovels which are used to house the workers on the sugar estates. In other words it has been decided to put the horse before the cart, a procedure which commends itself to such people as happen to be experienced in the ways of horses and carts.

The unfortunate thing about last year's experimental blunder in "democracy" for British Guiana was that it betrayed an almost total ignorance on our side of the Atlantic of the elementary facts. It may therefore be worth while to recall one or two of them. In that vast forest of a country there are not many more than a third of a million people, the biggest section (43.5 per cent. of the whole) being *East Indians*, who immigrated into the country during the last century for work on the sugar and rice estates. Between 1841 and 1911 they immigrated at an

average rate of 4,000 a year. They are hardworking and thrifty, and are the mainstay of the labour needed by the estates aforesaid, which are themselves the economic backbone of the country. The next largest group is of African stock (38 per cent. of the whole) deriving from the slaves who were imported into the colony before the slave trade was abolished in 1807, and who now are advanced enough to provide many of the teachers, clerks, doctors and lawyers now being trained. The general foundation of the country's civilisation was laid by the nine Jesuit fathers who arrived there in 1857. In the country parts outside Georgetown the non-Catholic missions have become very active, and non-Catholics now outnumber the Catholics.

The future of this numerically small country, whose inhabitants, in addition to those already mentioned, include West Indians, Chinese, Portuguese and other Europeans, is bound to cause anxiety in the context of the general world issue of civilisation versus atheist communism. As a result of last year's experiment, the communists have undoubtedly obtained a foothold; and communists are not easily uprooted from footholds. After last December's suspension of the ill-fated constitution communist propaganda is not only as active as ever in British Guiana itself, but has spread its net abroad, embracing Great Britain itself, where its spokesmen have already made use of the limelight gratuitously played upon them to make a bid for British support in their designs upon the colony. As elsewhere in the world, the communist danger can be met and defeated only by an active Christian resistance, although the new economic plan now projected by the British Government will no doubt help in a collateral or subsidiary sense.

DISAGREEMENT AFORETHOUGHT

If a further illustration could help towards an appreciation of an already clear situation, it was given by the recent Berlin Conference of the four Foreign Ministers. It is unnecessary to seek any detailed account of what took place in those four weeks (January and February) because the only fact that matters is that no agreement at all was reached on anything. It has been consistently obvious since 1945 that the Kremlin's main purpose in its international dealings is to establish the impossibility of agreement between East and West. At all costs, it seems, the danger of accommodation or compromise must be withheld. Let a single instance be taken of what that negative policy involved. For many years there has been persistent failure to reach agreement over a treaty for Austria. By the time the recent conference began in Berlin, the position reached was that five particular points remained outstanding in the draft of the treaty. Those points were Russian amendments to the draft which the western Powers had been bound to reject. In Berlin, as though desperately anxious to salvage at any cost an Austrian treaty from the general wreck, the three Western Powers, supported by the Austrian Foreign Minister, Herr Figl, who had been invited to take part in those particular discussions, roundly announced that they were now ready to accept all five of those Russian amendments which alone had held up agreement on the Austrian treaty. Did Mr. Molotov thank them and duly accept a Russian dip-

diplomatic victory in the form of a treaty embodying Russia's demands? Not at all. He quickly turned his coat, and made new conditions and stipulations such as made it impossible for a treaty to be agreed. In other words, in order to prevent an agreement with the West, Mr. Molotov refused to agree to a western acceptance of his own terms.

Need investigation go further? We have had this experience in its modern aspect without an exception to the general pattern for the past nine years; but in its essence it has been going on for more than a generation. There has today been a mere intensification of the tactic. A generation ago, at the time of the London negotiations for an Anglo-Soviet treaty, Mr. Rakovsky played the fool, not only by disappearing at the moment when the conference was due to open (and being found later in the day disporting himself on the swings and roundabouts of the Wembley Amusement Park), but by making wayward and impossible demands when he did consent to attend the conference; but he did so in a spirit of frank buffoonery and good companionship, with a gleam of humour twinkling in his eye. Just as, on the eve of his coming to London to be a first diplomatic representative of the Soviet Union, whose theoretic business it would be to improve Anglo-Russian relations, he wrote and published a pamphlet attacking the British Empire, foretelling its imminent collapse and promising himself an active role in London to help on that collapse: so when he reached London he never lost an opportunity of poking fun at everything British, the while making friends in London to such good human effect that he brought upon himself the later displeasure of the Kremlin.

To the historian, in the cold dawn of established fact, established when these muddled motives of today have spent their force, it will no doubt become a fair topic of comment to recall that in 1954, after nearly forty years of consistent experience, the politicians of the Western Christian countries went to Berlin to chronicle still another flat failure to reach agreement with Russia. Mr. Dulles remarked during the course of the conference that Mr. Molotov seemed to go out of his way to make agreement impossible. Yet, so far as the spoken verdict is concerned, no Western politician has yet committed himself to the conviction or the suspicion that disagreement is the deliberate coldblooded purpose of the Kremlin. I remember in the early years of this grand guignol performance, more indeed than thirty years ago, a leading Russian commissar telling me openly that in the nature of things there could be no agreement between Russia and the West. He gave two reasons for that assertion, one religious, the other economic. How in the religious field, he asked, could there be agreement between a "philosophy" (as he called it) of atheism and one of Christianity; and in the economic field, how could there be agreement between a State which imposed a system of governmental control of every need and duty (in which logically money became an unnecessary token of values) and States which retained the capitalist system of values and methods?

He went on to explain that what was then called, and is still prescribed as, the world revolution is a prime and cardinal prerequisite of the survival of the Russian revolution itself; for how can Russia abolish money in her own confines when she needs money as the yardstick of commercial

exchange with States which retain money as the only means of such exchange? Therefore, he said, it is strictly wrong to describe the Russian system as "communist". The ideology and ultimate purpose are communist; but pending the communisation of the whole world, including the effective suppression of the Christian Church, there can be nothing more in Russia than "socialism". Hence it is that the Russian Government in the nature of things cannot reach agreement by conference or otherwise with the West. She must on the contrary go on establishing and accentuating disagreement with the West as the very basis of her own survival.

WORDS VERSUS SUBSTANCE

Confusion and an ever nearer approach to exasperation persists in the minds of ordinary simple people as this high and modern diplomacy continues its unrepentant course of cold war and hollow words. Another interview has been given to an American journalist by the head of the Soviet Union, in which the usual honeyed words—there have been several such interviews in recent years—were directed towards the unchanging belligerent end. The preferred honey tasted bitter, and indeed was not honey at all. The substance of the obvious intention was the continuing sordidly of the materialist vendetta. We have had this experience for so long. The human heart cries out for something good and simple, something congenial to the eternal yearnings of the human spirit. The cry gets no answer. "The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed". How long must this nauseating spectacle continue of the powerful Russian politicians holding up the world to ransom? If these two wicked wars of the century had not enthroned their politicians in the seats of the mighty, we should be spared these soulless impositions. Before Stalin died, such men and women as had not in despair ceased to take any interest in high politics kept on wondering and hoping that the obscenities would die the natural death of evil things: for as Bishop Ottokar Prohaska once observed, "Good is always much more plentiful than evil. Evil is barely a shadow". But this particular shadow seems to persist. After Stalin died, hope again revived, and was again slowly choked.

When the first new year dawned in the post-Stalin era an American journalist emulated the enterprise of some of his forerunners by putting a few straightforward questions to Mr. Malenkov, such as gave the new Russian leader a chance of contributing something healthy to a world almost starved of confidence in Russian goodwill. He answered the questions in the style, as familiar as depressing, of correctitude in words and subterfuge in content. The interview was given on New Year's day. It was reported verbatim in *Soviet News* on January 4th. It is necessary to wade through that report, repellent though it be, because it went some way towards answering the suspense of millions of people who wanted to know whether the Kremlin had in fact undergone a change of heart. The first question put to Mr. Malenkov opened wide the gate for him. He ignored it. Asked "What are your wishes for the American people for 1954?" his answer, as it were automatic, merely repeated the old clichés: "I wholeheartedly wish the American people happiness and a peaceful life. I wish the American people success in the development of friendly relations with all peoples and fruitful results in the lofty cause of defending peace from any attempts to violate it".

With grim persistence the interviewer put the question in another form: "Do you hope that the new year will be marked by the consolidation of ties of friendship between the peoples of America and Russia?" The answer was a repetition of the former answer, at twice the length. May the reader forgive me, but it must be quoted: "First of all" (he said) "it is necessary to wish for improvement in the relations between our countries. I hold that there are no objective obstacles to an improvement between the Soviet Union and the United States in the new year, and to the strengthening of the traditional ties of friendship between the peoples of our countries. And I hope that this will be the case." Being next asked about "the possibilities of preserving world peace and easing international tension in 1954" he gave another cliché about the peoples' yearning for lasting peace and about the favourable possibilities of a "further" relaxation of international tension in 1954, adding of course that the Soviet Union would "continue" to do everything in its power to enable the peoples to live in peace.

In an attempt presumably to get something practical as distinct from wordy from those lips, the interviewer put this question: "What do you consider the most important step that could be undertaken in 1954 in the interests of world peace?". It was the answer to that question that brought the interview to its inevitable end. Mr. Malenkov repeated verbatim and unchanged, the proposal about armaments which for several years has frustrated every attempt made from the west to deal with that problem, a proposal whose insincerity and chicanery have been exposed time after time within the United Nations and are indeed obvious without such exposition.

The proposal, as need hardly be said, is that atomic weapons, in which Russia is relatively weak, be abolished, and other weapons, in which she is relatively strong, be proportionately reduced (whereby the relative superiority would be retained by Russia). The repetition Mr. Malenkov gave of that proposal on January 1st must be quoted to substantiate the fact that it has not been dropped or modified by the Kremlin. "Such a step" said Mr. Malenkov "would be the conclusion of an agreement among the States on the strength of which the parties to the agreement would assume the solemn and unconditional obligation not to use atomic, hydrogen and other weapons of mass destruction. Such an agreement would make it easier to reach an understanding on the complete prohibition of atomic weapons and the establishment of strict international control over the fulfilment of the ban on the use of atomic energy for military purposes. Simultaneously with this, the Soviet Government deems that it would be necessary to reach agreement on a substantial reduction of all other types of armaments and armed forces. All this would undoubtedly reduce State expenditure for military requirements and would ease the economic condition of the population".

The iron differentiation between a verbal pretence in the cause of peace and an intransigent pursuit of Russia's hostile purpose no doubt logically results from the communist ideology which rejects all moral standards whether Christian or natural. In Berlin Mr. Molotov was soon to give an abundant further illustration of the like repudiation of morality, sincerity and truth. He grimly pursued his materialist and belligerent

purpose, not even caring—so one must inescapably conclude—what his hearers thought of his performance on the moral criterion. It is hard to believe that a man should take his stand on the assumption that he has nothing to lose by being subjected to such a criterion, because he does not even pretend to regard the abstract truth in any but a tactical spirit. Yet one single instance of what he said in Berlin illustrates that remarkable attitude of mind. On February 3rd in the course of his routine flinging of accusations and insults across the table he made the statement, bald, and uncovered, that in 1939 Mr. Neville Chamberlain "connived at Hitler's invasion of Poland". To gasp is perhaps a reaction long ago strophied by sheer fatigue. Outside the conference room, however, where his remarks could be, and were, reported, there were probably few people so ignorant of the most elementary facts of the contemporary story as not to remember that it was precisely Mr. Chamberlain's guarantee of assistance to Poland in the event of a German attack on Poland—the guarantee was given on March 31st 1939—that automatically brought Britain into war against Germany when Germany invaded Poland. There is something almost flippant in the facility with which Mr. Molotov can make statements which he must know are readily proved to be false, and which he must know therefore cannot deceive anyone.

The only conclusion that is available to the curious is that he is not interested in his own moral reputation but only in the pursuit of his belligerent purpose. I remember saying to a Russian ambassador during the course of the 1939-45 war that the Russian communiqüs were obviously untrue, because the number of prisoners claimed amounted mathematically in a few months total to more than the entire population of Germany. He merely answered "What does that matter? Communiqüs are an act of war. If they deceive anyone, they achieve their purpose". The fact that they could not deceive anyone illustrates how the exclusively materialist mentality, bereft of goodness and humour alike, defeats its object.

March 11th 1954.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CATHERINE THE GREAT

In this, his latest book dealing with the eighteenth century, Dr. Gooch presents not a biography but a character study of Catherine the Great, followed by four other studies of four French Salons, those presided over by Mme. Geoffrin, Mme. Necker, Mme. de Deffand and Julie de Lespinasse; and, after this, a critical examination of Voltaire as historian. The whole emerges as the portrait of an age interpreted in the light of certain great personages who dominated it. It is the age of the enlightened despot—with the two other great representatives thereof, Frederick and Maria Theresa, Dr. Gooch has already made us familiar—the age of reason; the age of glory and magnificence in high

places. Of the crackling of thorns under the pot, the crackling which heralded the French Revolution, and "the era of Enlightened Autocracy passed into history and the era of the common man came within sight," there are only a few sentences. But how pregnant they are. Dr. Gooch must have been told a great many times, but it may perhaps be permitted to say once more without impertinence, that he possesses to a singular degree the art which conceals art. The concise phrases indicating what was coming, each balanced and in the right place, are used to show what the enlightened ruler and the apostle of reason had in common, namely, complete unawareness of any force or forces in society which should threaten to overthrow what they conceived, and quite honestly conceived, as being best for mankind. Voltaire applies his "measuring rod of reason" to society and dies eleven years before the fateful meeting of the States General, unaware of the bath of blood that was preparing, unaware that "the Age of Understanding was to bury the Age of Reason as the Age of Reason had challenged the Age of Faith". Catherine lived through the French Revolution to see the first attempts at internal reconstruction. Dr. Gooch has a penetrating analysis of the Memorandum she drew up in 1792; a memorandum which indicates at one and the same time her conception of the proper functions of a monarchy—a conception which accounts for her contempt for the émigrés and her incorrigible ignorance of the new France.

It is in the light of this unawareness that these studies must be read. The important thing is that it does not belong to persons relying on the past and secure in their conviction that as it was so it shall be. The French king can be described as that lazy and dissolute monarch who lived on the rapidly diminishing capital bequeathed by le Roi Soleil, king of that golden age, of which Voltaire, a grateful beneficiary, was the historian.

Catherine, born into a petty German princely family, served her hard apprenticeship married to the heir to the Russian throne, adopted the country as her own and, where everything depended on the ruler, placed her empire politically among the great powers; while at the same time, in her contacts notably with Voltaire and Grimm but also in her patronage of western artists, removed, in Dr. Gooch's happy phrase, at any rate some of the obstacles to cultural cross-fertilisation. Voltaire, as the historian to whom falsification of history was the deadly sin, challenged the dead hand of tradition. But far from being merely a destroyer, he was also the builder, the preacher, the teacher. The salonnieres were concerned with matters of the intellect at a moment when, as Dr. Gooch reminds us, the Abbé Galiani referred to Paris, the Ville Lumière of the previous age, as the café of Europe. Catherine's relations with the long line of favourites—that the apartments immediately under those of the Empress . . . would remain untenanted was as unimaginable as that there should be an interregnum at the Foreign Office, the Treasury, or the Ministry of War—as also the associations of the hostesses of the salons, are put in their proper place, illustrating without exaggeration not only certain characteristics of the personalities involved but also *les mœurs*, just as the whole background is made to reflect the quality of the personages who enjoyed that *douceur de la vie* which was to disappear with the Revolution.

Since these, as has already been said, are studies in character the method adopted throughout is to present a series of scenes each dealing with some particular aspect of the Empress, the salons and the historian. That this method involves some repetition here and there is inevitable. It is only when all has been read that the reader suddenly realises that seemingly scattered remarks like those for example on Catherine's personal attributes are not really scattered at all but the strokes of a brush wielded by a master to build up the picture as a whole. Lastly as a sequence to these studies Dr. Gooch has given us another, not so disconnected from the others as it may at first sight appear. The *apologia*

of Bismarck is also analysed as a study of the mind of a ruler, embodying warnings as well as maxims.

One piece of criticism may be ventured upon. A fuller and more detailed index might well have been permitted for this distillation of great learning and penetrating insight.

GLADYS SCOTT THOMSON.

G. P. Gooch. *Catherine the Great and other Studies*. Longman. 21s.

THE TUDOR AGE

The story of Tudor England is so amply documented, so crowded with incident, so richly varied in interest, that no author who essays to tell it in a single volume of moderate length constructed on lines that have now become almost traditional can hope to avoid some degree of failure; his omissions and compressions will not please everyone. Dr. Williamson's narrative, *The Tudor Age*, has its weaknesses but, such is the bewitching simplicity of his style and the general orthodoxy of his views, they will be apparent only to the student and specialist in Tudor affairs. The general reader (for the volume is addressed to him also) is unlikely to complain that he is left with only the haziest idea of constitutional development, that the machinery and functioning of spiritual and temporal courts and of central and local administration are barely touched upon, that he can learn little of the internal economy of the country. Like the student, he may wish that the author would pause here and there to argue a point and help him to distinguish the wood from the trees; he may even question some of Dr. Williamson's premises and wonder, for example, whether a people who devoted so much energy to the ordering of religious belief and observances and for whose spiritual satisfaction the ancient Latin rite, the new English form of service, and the austerer practices of puritan and separatist eventually existed (it matters not how uneasily) side by side, were as secular-minded as Dr. Williamson would have him believe. Yet whatever his reservations, they will not impair his enjoyment of a fascinating story eminently well told.

One aspect of this book calls for special mention, not only because it is treated more fully than one would expect it to be in a general history of this length, but on account of the importance Dr. Williamson attributes to it as a factor in shaping national character: the development of English maritime trade, exploration, and discovery. Readers of the author's other works will not be surprised to find that, next to Tudor England itself, the heroes of *The Tudor Age* are the Tudor seamen. When the form of his narrative compels him to tell of Perkin Warbeck and James IV and the Cornish rebellion, Dr. Williamson encourages his readers with a foretaste of the better things to come: "While these ephemeral doings were in progress, on 24 June 1497, John Cabot in his ship *Matthew* out of Bristol sighted a western continent which he thought to be Cathay . . ." And come they do: the voyages and travails of Cavendish, Davis, Dee, and Drake, of Frobisher, Gilbert, and Grenville, of Hawkins, Raleigh, and Wyndham and others who, in daring Spain and the elements, played a more vital role (the reader is left to infer) in what the author is inclined to call "the growth of the new England" than all the Wolseys and Cromwells and Burghleys. The emphasis may not be quite right, yet which of us is immune from sea-fever?

There is a note by the General Editor, Professor W. N. Medlicott, introducing the new nine-volume History of England (of which this is the first to appear). "There seems," he writes, "to be room for a rewriting of the history of England which will hold the interest of the general reader while it appeals at the same

time to the student." Perhaps there is still time for other contributors to the series to consider whether the needs of the student will be best met by more narrative or, as this reviewer thinks, less.

E. L. C. MULLINS.

The Tudor Age. By James A. Williamson. Longman's, 25s.

SEX EQUALITY

A wide survey of all that women have accomplished in every field of activity in the last fifty years was much needed, and this want Vera Brittain has filled with a comprehensive record. Yet although she shows the amazing progress made in the position of women during the half-century, the author, in a frank dedicatory letter to her daughter, hopes to see "Women ascend to heights of achievement hitherto undreamed of." Time has moved so rapidly for women that there can be few or perhaps none nowadays that could write with the anguish and desperation of the frustrated Florence Nightingale; "Why, oh, my God cannot I be satisfied with the life that satisfies so many people? Why am I starving, desperate, diseased upon it? . . . Oh, how I have longed for a trial to give me food, to be something real . . . A starving life: that is the real trial . . . My God, what am I to do? Teach me, tell me." These are the words of one noble woman only. How many silent ones must have suffered like her! Thanks to the women who have gone before, the woman of today with a mission as burning as Florence Nightingale's can find a ready outlet, and moreover intelligence and capability are no longer wasted. But not all women are Florence Nightingales, and Vera Brittain raises a controversial question when she deplores "the valuable time swallowed up by household tasks." Pride in the home, with the varied skill, even art, that it takes to make a success of this career, is far greater than tapping a typewriter, filing papers, or turning the knob of a machine, which alas, is the aim and employment of many women today. It is only fair to give the tribute due to the men who had vision to join the ranks in the emancipation of women, although the author writes of "the old conflict between male and female." It was often women themselves who were the stumbling blocks in the great movement for sex equality. Women's achievements were recognised, as far back as 1828, when we see the Astronomical Society, whose members were men, rewarding Caroline Herschel with their Gold Medal. It was a man, Thomas Hood, who opened the eyes of thousands to the abuse of the sweating industry in his "Song of the Shirt," and *Punch*, with its male editorial staff, first published the poem. The author gives but a passing reference to the Women's Institutes and Townswomen's Guilds, yet the former is one of the greatest organisations for women in the half-century, and a great contribution to the national life. Not only has it opened up channels of activity in public service, but has discovered latent talent, and especially has helped country women to make more use of the leisure which they now find is theirs. But in a survey that covers so much ground, from Queen Victoria to Elizabeth II, it is impossible to give the space due to the multitude of activities that women now control, and Vera Brittain has, as one who herself fought for their emancipation, shown with an intensity the struggle and the sacrifice they have endured to reach the position they now hold with distinction. For this we are grateful to her.

THEODORA ROSCOE.

Lady into Woman. By Vera Brittain. Andrew Dakers, 15s.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

The author of this provocative book is the president of an organisation which calls itself "the Foundation for World Government." I have no idea how representative this body is of American opinion but it is most significant that the views which this book contains should be presented by an American at all. We are used to bitter attacks on America's foreign policy by representatives of the extreme and the moderate Left in Europe, Asia and Africa, but here we have a reasoned denunciation of the foundations on which American foreign policy is based, coupled with suggestions for the salvation of the world, put forward by a man who is most emphatically not a communist or even a socialist, and who is just as emphatically convinced of the superiority of the American way of life. There is no doubt that he is passionately sincere and earnestly tries to come to grips with the baffling problems of our time. Like so many well-meaning idealists, however, he tends to oversimplify the facts and the book has more than its fair share of platitudinous oratory.

The basic thesis is simple enough. The world, particularly its non-western part, is at the moment in the throes of a dual revolution the aims of which are political freedom and economic equality. Instead of helping and guiding this revolution America has been obsessed by her fear of Russia, and has concentrated on military rather than political and economic measures. The most important factor in the world situation, as the author sees it, is its appalling poverty. By helping to remove it America would win over the free peoples, and by taking the wind out of Russia's sails she would destroy the influence of the communists and thus solve her military problems as well. This is a very familiar and attractive thesis; the only trouble is that so far nobody, not even the author, has shown a way of translating it into practise. He realises that it would be utopian to hope for the establishment of a world government in the foreseeable future, so he contents himself with the proposal to set up a World Development Authority on the lines of the Tennessee Valley scheme. It would be the job of this gigantic international agency rather than that of national governments to develop the backward areas.

There is no doubt that international investment on a vast scale would do much to reduce political tension and would thus deny to the communists valuable propaganda material, although it is by no means proved that a well-fed world would for this reason be a less pugnacious one. Man does not live by bread alone, nor, unfortunately, does he fight for bread alone, as any but Marxian historians well know. It is at any rate somewhat naive to believe that Mr. Barr's international agency could be set up quickly enough and on a large enough scale to make any difference in the present cold war which, incidentally, is not entirely America's responsibility. Most of the investment would have to come from America, and experiences with the Colombo Plan and the reception of the recent Randall Report have conclusively shown that there is not the slightest chance of this. Even if it should happen, however, does anybody really believe that the communists would refrain from attacking this agency as they attacked the Marshall Plan? However international such an Agency might be, the fact that its funds would largely consist of dollars would enable the communists to describe it as an organ of American Imperialism.

The author states that he did not intend to write a scholarly treatise. In fact he has produced a political tract, but he might have given it very much more weight if he had treated the facts a little more scientifically. He knows all the objections which can be raised against his plan, if his vague suggestions can be called a plan, but he dismisses them rather summarily. Thus he pokes fun at Malthus, but does not even mention the Colombo Plan which so far has been the most precise and detailed attempt to tackle the problems the author

has in mind. Even if all the money is found which is required for its success, all that can be hoped for is the prevention of a further fall in the standard of life owing to the vast increase of population. It is of course possible that the authors of the Colombo Plan were wrong and that Mr. Barr is right, but this problem should at least have been discussed. Unsatisfactory though the book is to anybody who knows something about the complexity of the problem, it has nevertheless the great merit of stirring people into thought, waking them up from their complacency, and stimulating a discussion the outcome of which concerns the survival of mankind.

Dr. REINHOLD ARIS.

Citizens of the World. By Stringfellow Barr. Victor Gollancz, 13s. 6d.

ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY

This is a difficult book to review fairly, for Professor Tansill, of Georgetown University, Washington D.C., is the first person to make full use of the files of confidential correspondence on pre-war American foreign policy of the U.S. State Department. Its reviewers should also have access to these documents to be able to assess his conclusions properly. His principal thesis is that "the main objective of American foreign policy since 1900 has been the preservation of the British Empire." This is an extreme development of an idea which is better presented in Walter Lippman's *U.S. Foreign Policy*. The author maintains that "intimate ties between Britain and the United States were first forged in 1898 when Britain realised that her policy of isolation had deprived her of any faithful allies upon whom she could depend in the event of war." Mr. Lippmann believes that there was a tacit understanding throughout the 19th century, especially with regard to the Atlantic. The book is too long, particularly the historical introduction, which could have been left out. This is a common fault of books that are intended to serve both as textbooks and general reading. Moreover the style is handicapped by many clichés and hackneyed phrases. The Table of Contents is 11 pages long, the Index is incomplete. Newspapers are listed in a bibliography which is already unnecessarily long, and it is not clear whether the bibliography is supposed to represent the author's reading, suggested reading, or a complete list. And despite its length he lists only two English periodicals (the *Contemporary Review* is one). Mr. Max Beloff's book on Soviet Foreign Policy is listed as 1929, though the title brings it up to 1941.

Professor Tansill's preference for Nazi Germany, and hatred for Wilson, Stimson, Franklin Roosevelt, Hull, Sumner Wells, and Churchill prejudices his position from the outset. Many strange statements can be quoted; for example, the gigantic American naval construction of 1916 was due to British seizure of American vessels, Roosevelt's preference for China led him to accept the Stimson Doctrine, and was due to the fact that the Delano family made so much money there from "dubious operations;" the U.S. refused an opportunity to mediate war on a reasonable basis proposed by Hitler on October 6, 1939, because of letters from Churchill, hence British policy was followed and war continued; Hitler "strove in every way" to avoid war with the U.S.; "it is obvious that Churchill regarded Roosevelt as an American dictator who had little concern for the opinions of Congress and the American people . . . he believed that Roosevelt could plunge America into the conflict in Europe at any time he desired." Nowhere does the author recognise a real danger from Hitler or Nazism to the western democratic way of life, or even to British or American security. Many small discrepancies appear on close inspection. How could Miss Dorothy Thompson's *New York Herald Tribune* articles have "opened the eyes of Mrs. Roosevelt" when her article appeared in the *World Telegram* on 19 October 1939, and Miss Thompson's articles were published the 18th,

20th, and 23rd? This book can be very valuable or very dangerous, very valuable to one who knows how to sift the wheat from the chaff, very dangerous to others. It is shameful that the author is so prejudiced, for some of the wheat is important. It should be read along with the works of Professors Charles A. Beard and William Langer on the period—for balance.

RALPH LOMBARDI

Back Door to War, The Roosevelt Foreign Policy, 1933-1941, by Charles Callan Tansill. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1952.

CHAUCER

Chaucer's greatness as poet has always been recognised in the past, but he has never been so widely known as he is today. Besides being a regular subject of study at schools and universities, he is now known to the general public through such popular mediums as Mr. Neville Coghill's translation of *The Canterbury Tales* in the Penguin Books and his broadcast readings from that translation. So human and lovable a poet deserves to be universally known, but the mediaeval world in which he lived, and about which he wrote, is very different from our own and a formidable obstacle to our enjoyment of him. There is of course a vast literature dealing with the Middle Ages and interpreting Chaucer in relation to them, but it is mostly of a specialised, academic character, and beyond the reach of the general reader. Mr. Brewer's short study commendably aims at people with literary tastes but not necessarily with any specialised knowledge. It is an admirable introduction to the subject, and will be found useful both by the student and the general reader. The mediaeval background is clearly presented with appropriate extracts from contemporary or near-contemporary sources. A book of this sort necessarily involves much pedestrian scholarship, but Mr. Brewer's is as readable as it is informative. Its value is further enhanced by the illustrations and by some of Mr. Brewer's remarks on Chaucer as writer. "Whenever Chaucer sets a group of people talking, especially from the middle or lower classes, . . . their arguments ding in our ears, the breath they breathe is the common air, flavoured, it may be, with malt." A very important topic which readers will miss is that of Chaucer's versification, and they will find themselves in disagreement with him on some of his suggestions. The chief of these concerns the note of Christian resignation which in Chaucer co-exists with his pagan love of the world. The duality is certainly there, but Mr. Brewer appears to be stretching a point too far by regarding it as the source of a deep tension affecting Chaucer's life and work.

Dr. J. C. GHOSH.

D. S. Brewer. *Chaucer*. Longmans, 10s. 6d.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"Raleigh," says the author of this concise study, "is an underestimated poet". It is to show him in the light of poet, thinker, historian, more than in the more familiar guise as a man of action that this book is written, and which is, indeed, a valuable addition to the *Men and Books Series*. It is true that the Elizabethan Age expected the writing of poetry by its courtiers, for Miss Latham is quoted as saying; "poetry to a man like Raleigh was as natural as breathing." Although acknowledging him as a poet Mr. Edwards considers that his unfinished *History of the World*, written during his long imprisonment in the Tower, was the major achievement of his life. He devotes a whole chapter to his puzzling poem of 522 lines, *The Ocean to Cynthia*, the manuscript of which was found at Hatfield House in the 1860's. In this unfinished poem the poet dwells on the lost affection of a mistress he has served faithfully. Analysing it carefully, Mr. Edwards acknowledges that "the poem is a fevered elegy, obscure,

turbulent and erratic". So it may ever remain to those who lack the key to open the door into the intrigues, conflicts and personal quarrels of the age. In clarifying the Renaissance as a blending of the old and the new, the author suggests that no one embodies "the inimitable imagination of this period of stress" more than Raleigh himself. Old superstitions were giving way before the birth of science, but to the great majority scientific investigations were then considered to be no more than prying into the mysteries of the Creation. Was it not natural that Raleigh the explorer, the man with a questing mind, wished to open up new worlds of knowledge? To him it was but "the necessary endeavour of man to investigate these virtues and to apply them for the help and comfort of man". Mr. Edwards, together with two American scholars, Kosher and Strathman, discredits the assumption that Raleigh died a heretic to the orthodox Christian faith, and doubts whether the so-called "School of Night", a society which was held to advance progressive views on religion and politics, and which was brought against him in his trial, ever existed. It is to the credit of the author that, although expressing close sympathy with Raleigh, he places his weaknesses beside his greatness. Pride and ambition is outweighed by the grandeur of bearing in the hours of affliction, and superb is the courage shown at the end. This small volume, into which has gone much study, thought, and imaginative reasoning, is to be heartily recommended. The author has kept the poet and the man of letters in the forefront, and has also revealed a great epic, for the man of action, the visionary, the thinker stands out clearly in the background. "His epic was himself".

THEODORA ROSCOE

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Philip Edwards. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.).

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Archangel, 1918-19, by Field-Marshal Lord Ironside (Constable, 21s.) describes the hopeless attempt to hold back the advancing Bolshevik tide after the Revolution of 1917. It is a depressing story which could only have one end, for it was merely a sideshow for the victorious allies in the West. That the Whites in Russia had had their day is confirmed by the picture of them in these pages as lacking discipline and conviction, in glaring contrast to the fanatical enthusiasm of the Reds who proclaimed the welcome gospel of immediate land distribution and immediate peace. All that the Commander-in-Chief of the mixed troops at Archangel could hope for was to slip away without much fighting. No wonder no official record of the campaign has been compiled. The vivid narrative of hardship and anxieties in the icy north, based on the author's diaries, is supplemented by a concluding chapter which draws the lessons. "Once a military force is involved on land it is almost impossible to limit the magnitude of its commitments. Military expeditions cannot extricate themselves from a country they have invaded as a ship leaves a port it has visited. Secondly, all ad hoc alliances disintegrate when the danger, which brought them together, has been overcome. Thirdly, Russia had for many years before the war of 1914-18 been living on the brink of revolution. In 1917 the storm broke." Kerensky, who could talk but not act, was no match for Lenin and Trotzky who stuck at nothing. The Bolshevik victory, declares the author, was a world tragedy, but it was certainly not his fault.

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